Nixon's Return Engagement *Gilbert A. Harrison*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

November 4, 1967, 35 cents

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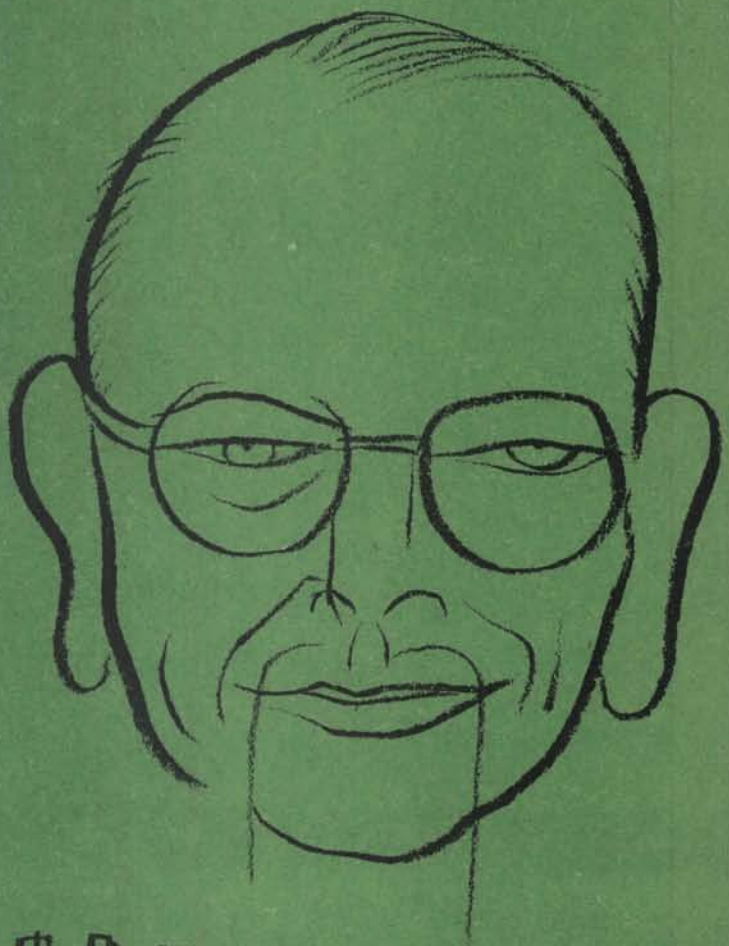
by

Alex Campbell



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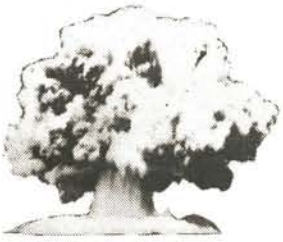

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T.R.B. from Washington

Coming Up in TV

★ Run, not walk, to your nearest TV sales agency and buy an ultra-high frequency set if you haven't one already. Starting Sunday evening, November 5, for 45 weeks, 126 noncommercial television stations will be linked together for a two-hour program, financed by $10 million from the Ford Foundation, in which the anchor man will be our favorite broadcast commentator, Edward P. Morgan.

Nor is this all. Quite independent of the Ford broadcasts (which will be uninterrupted by advertisements) Congress is on the point of enacting the Public Broadcasting Act of 1967 which may turn out to be the most important legislation of this sorry session. Not an awful lot of money involved, a pittance of $9 million, to be exact, but the principle is vital: for the first time federal money will go to the programming of TV. In 1962 Congress authorized meager funds to noncommercial stations on a matching basis to help buy physical facilities. There are now 136 educational stations with 53 under construction, operating on a shoestring. The average station spends about $250,000 a year, which is about what CBS gets from one cigarette manufacturer for one hour of prime time.

In fairness to the commercial networks they all backed the new law for a federal subsidy to educational stations, perhaps figuring that it would take some of the criticism off their necks. The proposal sets up a 15-man bipartisan corporation to handle the funds with orders that it must be nonpolitical and not "editorialize" (whatever that means). Well, as to the latter, we shall see. The simple fact is that America's commercial broadcasting monopoly is a disgrace and we are just as certain as we are of anything that 20 years from now we are going to look back in incredulity on this high-profit monstrosity – a wonder that the rest of the world already shares.

The Federal Communications Commission licenses channels which belong to you and me and charges a fee of $33 for something that is worth over $20-million a year in some cases. Programs are normally directed at the lowest common denominator of the masses, which is a good deal like running the school system for profit. There are some shining exceptions, of course, just to keep the highbrows in line. If we had to pick out the single instance that showed the crass materialism of American life it would be the FCC and US TV-radio. We are perfectly confident, too, that before long public TV will be financed by a specific users' tax on sets, or perhaps channels, or maybe the big networks themselves. In any case, starting November 5 we are going to get a taste of public television through the courtesy of a philanthropic foundation. We'll be stupid indeed if we don't arrange to put it on a federally financed permanent basis.

Divided Government

★ If you can't understand what is going on between the President and Congress these days, it's simple enough. We are in the beginning of one of those well-defined, recurrent legislative crises that are the characteristic expression of our peculiar divided government. When the Founding Fathers set it up they were afraid of monarchy. Hence they put the legislature in to watch the President. Except in time of major war when the President assumes near dictatorial powers (nearly always followed by a later peacetime reaction) there is more brake in our government than accelerator.

Mr. Johnson came in, in 1964, with a 2-to-1 majority in both houses and put through a brilliant domestic program. Then in 1966 he lost 47 seats in the House and, what is worse, lost popularity from the Vietnam hemorrhage. We pointed out how the new House lineup would have defeated social reform measures if it had been in existence during the 89th Congress.

Now, the President's big defeat came when the House directed him on October 18 to cut appropriations by $6 billion with an overwhelming vote, 238-164. This was the kind of vote that would have instantly brought a cabinet fall in parliament, with an election. The government had lost its mandate.

The US can't have an election right away; we must wait till next year. The wounded Administration must limp along till then as well as it can. We have built-in safeguards to meet this preposterous dilemma, chief of which is that everybody takes a situation for granted which would bring riot and revolution in a logical nation. There is a good deal of stretch and give in our institutions, thank goodness, and the Senate will probably back up the President in this contest.

What it means, however, is a crisis of confidence. A lot of Democratic House members who would normally support Mr. Johnson have cut loose from him and are out to save their own skins. The conservative GOP-Dixiecrat coalition has the votes on certain issues; the House Democratic leadership is weak, and the war erodes Mr. Johnson's strength. That's why you have the present nasty mood and intermittent stalemate.

We may get an important civil rights bill from this Congress, however, protecting Negroes and others from violence and intimidation in the exercise of federally guaranteed rights. The House, with GOP support, passed its version last August, 326-93. The Senate Judiciary Committee reported it last week, 7-to-5. Chances are there will be a Southern filibuster and the outcome will depend on Republican senators. What will Mr. Dirksen and the party of Lincoln do?

We dropped in last week on the House Un-American Activities Committee which was setting the stage for its new melodrama: The Reds & The Riots. It seemed very promising and should play to packed houses. Millions of escapists need a villain to loathe.

Finally, Vietnam. Fifty-five senators ask the UN to try to end the war. And Gallup says 46 percent of the people now feel the war was a "mistake," and 70 percent think the Administration isn't giving the facts.

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Youth Witness

With a coy circumlocution, a blushing *Washington Post* in its reporting of the antiwar demonstrations in the nation's capital remarked that some of the demonstrators went to the bathroom against the wall of the Pentagon. That's how some Japanese students in Tokyo behaved when protesting the US-Japan Mutual Security Treaty – but with one significant difference. The Japanese protestors did not defile the Defense Agency in Tokyo, they defiled the Japanese Parliament, the Diet. The young Americans who oppose their country's war in Vietnam are not attacking the people's elected representatives, many of whom share youth's detestation of the Vietnam war; it's the Pentagon they're mad at. In a way, the demonstration at Secretary McNamara's shop, and the one in Wisconsin reported on page eight are a logical follow-through of President Eisenhower's blast at the military-industrial complex, though the latter-day Ike admittedly doesn't acknowledge that. This aspect of the demonstrations has been entirely overlooked. A misapprehension caused Congress and the White House to take frantic steps to protect themselves against invasion and assault that never occurred and were never seriously in prospect. The night before the march, 200 militants met in the basement of a Washington church and debated two hours about moving the protest to the White House; the move failed. And most newspapers and television reports also missed the point about what happened at the Pentagon.

It was not that there were random and leaderless scuffles, but that there was so much restraint – happily on both sides. Only one window was reported broken. When a demonstrator began throwing things at a knot of military police, he was quickly stopped by other demonstrators. The same thing happened to youths who began rocking a police car. No vehicles were overturned during the demonstrations. This was not what the papers, radio and TV had led people to expect; they begged emotionally for calm, but darkly hinted there would be violence. One radio commentator advised people to give the whole affair a wide berth, warning that "a brick up side your head could spoil your whole Saturday." It turned out not to be a bloody Saturday at all for the vast majority of the demonstrators, who spent most of the day wandering peacefully over the driveways, parking lots and grassy areas of the Pentagon. These thousands were indeed protesting the war in Vietnam. But they did not charge police lines and did not get themselves arrested. The 700 or so who were arrested over the weekend had to work hard to achieve it. But it's absurd for anyone to imply

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that even they seriously thought they would shut down or disrupt the Pentagon (on a Saturday?!). One bearded young hippie was heard appealing to a soldier of about his own age: "Don't you think perhaps we're not all crazy? That maybe some of us are right? That maybe the war is wrong?" Most of the soldiers and military policemen, for their part, were restrained in their handling of the crowds; more so, by many accounts, than some marshals who swung clubs at heads with a vengeance. Yet no one was seriously injured.

The Monday after, the wisecrack in Pentagon circles was that a typical demonstrator dressed like Tarzan, had a hair-do like Jane, and smelled like Cheetah. That was a very sick Pentagon joke. A lot of hippies did parade before the Pentagon, waving obscene banners and smoking pot. But a surprising number of Pentagon officials kept a worried eye on the crowd through their office windows, because they had sons, daughters and even wives among the demonstrators. It wasn't as dignified or as spruce a demonstration as the one two years ago, when 35,000 people who gathered at the Washington Monument had been carefully prepurged by SANE of all elements who might fail to counsel strict nonviolence or who might not look quite respectable. But it's a very different, much bigger and more savage war, that's now being more bitterly protested. This October rally was no mere forgathering of irrelevant hippies. It was an impressively large assembly of all sorts of young folk, all in earnest and some fully expecting to get the same rough treatment as demonstrating Negroes often receive. Comparatively few Negroes took part, and one Negro supplied a cynical explanation: "We want to see some blond hair flying, for a change." For at least some demonstrators, the rally was a chance to show that whites, too, were willing to risk having their heads broken. Fortunately, the risk proved minimal, but they weren't to know that in advance, especially with all the storm signals that had been flown by the mass media.

Everyone should be happy that all went off relatively peacefully, but no one should kid himself that this means the demonstration was a flop. It may have been a waste from the point of view of the dullards on both sides who hoped to see heads bashed in. But the Administration would be stupid to think October 21 was just froth. Hardly a demonstrator was over 30; they came from as far as Texas, there were tens of thousands of them. These young Americans didn't overturn cars, set fire to trucks or try to blow up buildings the way young antiwar demonstrators have done recently in Tokyo, Berlin and London. But they were there, they were heard, and they will be heard again on campuses throughout the country in coming months.

COMING: *Will the young Democrats stick with LBJ—a report by Paul Wieck*

Egypt and Israel

The only result of last week's UN Security Council intervention – following the sinking by the Egyptians of the Israeli destroyer *Eilat* and the destruction by Israeli artillery of oil refineries and other plants in Port Suez – may be a substantial reinforcement of the UN observer team on both sides of the Suez Canal. U Thant has asked for more men, patrol boats and helicopters. Had an adequate observer force been present, the controversy over whether the *Eilat* was hit by Soviet-made missiles inside Egyptian territorial waters (as Cairo claims) or on the high seas (as Israel claims) might not have arisen; the facts would have been clearer from the very beginning.

But it is not certain that even U Thant's meager minimum – increased UN capacity to observe and report on who is guilty of resuming war activities – will be granted the secretary general. The whole plan must get Security Council approval, which means Soviet approval. And Moscow has again expressed its basic objection to the UN's playing a peace-keeping role.

The effectiveness of the Security Council's resolution, "condemning violations of the cease-fire" and calling for its "strict observance," is doubtful. Now, as always during the 20 years of Israel-Arab conflict, peace along the demarcation lines depends not so much on how the UN votes in New York, but on the intentions of the governments in the area. There is no mystery as to the inspiration for the unending series of recent incidents along the 88 miles of the Suez Canal and the adjacent seawater. Nasser, having failed to obtain the withdrawal of Israeli troops through Soviet diplomatic pressure in the UN, seems to have concluded that nothing would be worse for him than a quiet border. A quiet border might encourage world opinion to think that the present precarious status quo in the Middle East is, after all, the best solution available for the time being. Nasser must show that this is not true. But what Nasser once more fails to understand is that by keeping things stirred up he loses more than he wins: the sinking of an Israeli destroyer is not worth the destruction of Egypt's

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biggest refinery – a terrible blow to a country whose economy is already on the verge of complete collapse.

As for the Russians, hearing Mr. Fedorenko during last week's Security Council debate, justifying and glorifying the missile attack on the *Eilat* (he carefully refrained from mentioning that the missiles were Russian), one has to assume that the Kremlin, too, still hopes the Israeli six-day victory can be somehow undone, and that the all-out Soviet backing for the Arab cause in the Middle East will, some day, bring handsome dividends, whatever the losses suffered now.

The gravest aspect of these recent events has been the demonstration of how efficient and how disastrous in their effect Soviet ship-to-ship missiles are. Reports from Europe stress uneasiness in all Mediterranean countries; they know now that they live in the shadow of a Soviet naval and missile power. The position of the American Sixth Fleet, cruising in the Mediterranean, seems weakened. Navy experts around the world are talking about the urgent necessity of protecting their ships, of building missiles similar to the Soviet ones, of developing new anti-missile missiles fired from ships.

Arms to the Latins

The French have no principles. They will do anything for money. For years, the United States has tried to prevent an arms race in Latin America, carefully refraining from selling these countries unnecessarily sophisticated weapons. Along comes France and persuades Peru to buy $20-million worth of its Mirage 5 Supersonic fighter bombers.

What could Washington do? It had to quickly reverse its much publicized decision not to sell our 1,000-mile-an-hour F-5s to the Latins. It then offered the plane to Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Colombia and Venezuela, as well as Peru. This switch, State Department spokesmen explain, represents no "divergence" from existing policy. We had "resisted" supplying these aircraft until 1969, but there is a 20-month "lead time" between order and delivery. Anyway, the F-5 is cheaper than the French Mirage, and the new US planes would only be replacing old equipment.

The Latin military establishment is regarded by the Pentagon and our diplomats as the most reliable anti-communist force in the region. To keep it within the control of the US, Washington must remain the sole supplier of advanced weaponry and of training in its use. To this end, the US provided Latin America – sales, gifts or grants – with $1,135,800,000 in arms from 1953-1966. Washington sold our southern neighbors $42.5-million worth of weapons in fiscal '67, and the projected sales figure for '68 is $52.5 million.

Arms purchases do, of course, siphon off development funds desperately needed in South America. They stimulate the desire of neighboring countries to have similar equipment. And though some Latin American countries have real internal security problems, 1,000-mile-an-hour attack planes won't help much: you don't fight guerrillas with supersonic jets.

Locked Horns

After June 30, the close of any given fiscal year, federal agencies must be funded by a continuing resolution of Congress until their appropriations bill is finally approved.

After saving itself early in October by rallying almost solid Democratic support for such a continuing resolution, the Administration overplayed its hand by saying it would slap a lid on the pork barrel. It threatened to freeze up to 50 percent of the interstate highway construction funds, which come from a special trust fed by earmarked gasoline taxes, and not part of the general revenue expenditures. The reaction of three Democratic members from one state – all of them on record in favor of the Administration's Vietnamese policies – to the threat to freeze interstate highway funds was typical. They called it "terrible," a "violation of a trust." The reaction to other threats – to freeze construction funds for a wide variety of projects – was much the same, except for the willingness of the House Appropriations Committee to take Secretary of Defense McNamara at his word and strip millions of dollars out of the defense construction budget, after McNamara handed over a list of projects he felt could be removed from the "high priority" list.

In late October, the continuing resolution expired once more. The House Appropriations Committee then took to the floor a resolution providing for $1.5 billion in additional spending cuts. This would have been achieved by reducing research and redevelopment funds by 10 percent across the board, save for those items directly related to the Vietnamese war effort; by requiring federal agencies to absorb pay increases by attrition; and by declaring that no agency's staffing for 1968 could be funded above 95 percent of the budget level. A caucus of all Democrats was called to muster support. However, on the same day the caucus was held, Democratic members were confiding that the votes weren't there. The House substituted an amendment of Rep. Frank Bow (R, Ohio), which would have required the Administration to make line item cuts equal to a five percent across-the-board reduction. Then, it substituted an amendment offered by Rep. James Whitten (D, Miss.) to hold federal spending at the 1967 level with certain exceptions – Vietnam, old age and Social Security payments, veterans' assistance,

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etc. The irony is that Whitten had offered this in Democratic caucus; there it could have been toned down so that the Administration could have accepted it and still have come out with a floor victory. But both the White House and the Democratic leadership are so out of touch with reality that Whitten's proposal was shrugged off, only to reappear in its original form and pass the House. From there, the continuing resolution went on to the Senate, while federal employers began to wonder if they'd have money to operate their agencies the next Monday. They didn't.

Everything traces back to the collapse of the "guns and butter" policy under the pressure of a $25 billion to $30 billion annual expenditure to carry on the war in the rice paddies of Southeast Asia. When that policy was first enunciated, the Administration was spending only $4 billion or $5 billion per year in Vietnam, and the nation could afford both. Today, it must choose.

Ferency's Venture

The Democratic Party organization in Michigan is moribund. Because it can't meet its payroll it has just lost its last six staff members. It has had no recent political success to bolster morale; the state, by general agreement, belongs to Republican George Romney, despite "Soapy" Williams, the UAW and a supposed majority of Democratic voters. Michigan Democratic Party chairman Zolton A. Ferency, whose tenure since 1962 has roughly coincided with the decline of the party, says the Democrats are lacking leadership; his detractors agree. Detroit's Democratic Mayor Jerome Cavanagh who under other circumstances might be of some help to the party has been busy with riots, a messy custody fight with his wife and a sister-in-law who claims he kicked her.

More than any politician in the state except perhaps Mr. Romney (who beat him soundly in '66), Ferency has a knack for regrettable or contradictory public statements, ranging from comments about G. Mennen Williams' gallstones to his recent equivocations about the Dump Johnson movement.

On October 17 Ferency issued a press release in which he seemed to ally himself with "uneasy and unhappy liberals, intellectuals and peace Democrats" against Johnson and the powerful Democrats nationally who are backing the President and supporting "all his works and deeds." "Apparently," said Ferency, "those currently holding national Democratic Party reins have already decided that they will name the ticket and write the platform, and everybody had better become believers. . . . In order to mount any effective opposition to the national Democratic power play, Democrats who want to be heard on either the national ticket or platform had better get started before the end of the year. . . . Unless there is a sudden and radical change in presidential candidate proposals or philosophy, it will make relatively little difference to the voters which one of the current crop of candidates is elected next year. . . . Popularity polls and opinion surveys create a bandwagon effect that's hard to reverse. If an unpopular LBJ is our candidate, and if next year's presidential campaign descends to the level of an electronic beauty contest, the whole Democratic ticket could be in trouble. . . ."

Many Michigan Democrats were aghast. It was one thing to have misgivings about the Vietnam war, but quite another they felt for the chairman of the state's party, speaking in his official capacity, to come out for dumping the incumbent Democratic President. There were demands that he resign as chairman, and a statement from Senator Hart's office that "the senator disassociates himself from Mr. Ferency. . . ." Had Ferency been more astute he might have chosen to oppose Mr. Johnson in a different way. Or, had he had more conviction, he might have stuck to his guns. Instead, he has since tried to disavow his remarks. What he said, Ferency now insists, was merely a reiteration of the party's convention resolution of last winter which embraced deescalation in Vietnam. He *could* now support President Johnson. "At no time have I employed the phrase 'Dump Johnson.' Nor have I volunteered to lead any such movement, and I have never said that I would. Nor do I know of the existence of any such movement within the Democratic Party. Nor would I participate in any such essentially negative movement. . . . In essence . . . I have called for and urged a free and open national convention, with respect to both candidates and platform."

Zolton Ferency says "what little may be left of my political future" is at stake in the controversy that surrounds his statements, and he is undoubtedly right. His case may serve as a lesson to Democrats who would stand against Johnson's renomination. Let them not underestimate the capacity of the machine for massive retaliation. And let them be wily as serpents.

On Wisconsin

Madison

The faculty of the University of Wisconsin, said to run the place, has given the new Chancellor, William H. Sewell, a vote of confidence for the way he handled the peaceable student demonstration here. Sewell brought the Madison police riot squad onto campus to disperse 200 people sitting down outside a room where Dow Chemical Company representatives were holding job interviews. Dow makes napalm used by our forces in Vietnam.

Instead of clearing the building, the police clubbed,

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stomped and tear gassed those inside, as well as 1,500 students standing outside. When students called the university hospital and asked for ambulances to take away the unconscious, the hospital refused. When an intern asked for medical supplies so that he might on his own help the injured, the hospital refused. Neither Chancellor Sewell, nor his chief lieutenant, Joseph F. Kaufman, dean of student affairs, appeared at the scene; yet they wasted no time in suspending 13 students; then in the name of safety they called off the Dow interviews.

On the morning of October 18, the demonstrators had proceeded in rag-tag formation to the Commerce Building, a few blocks from where the Dow men were conducting their interviews. The demonstration had an altogether festive air; reporters and cameramen clogged the entranceway to Commerce. The demonstrators had to push their way in. Finally some 200 got inside, solidly packing every bit of space on the main floor. During the morning Ralph Hansen, the campus police chief, called Chancellor Sewell and told him his force couldn't handle the demonstrators; Sewell told him to go ahead and call in the city police. Larry Silver, a graduate student in the Law School was inside the Commerce Building and reports what happened next:

"Approximately at 12:30 Chief Hansen asked to see some of the leaders of the demonstration. He knew them by name. He talked to them and they said over a loudspeaker there was going to be a deal: If Dow would leave, the demonstrators would leave. Everyone cheered with approval . . . the protest leaders then left to get confirmation of this offer from Chancellor Sewell. They returned; they announced that their meeting with the chancellor did not produce this result and that Dow would not leave. At this point Chief Hansen took the loudspeaker and addressed the noisy demonstrators: This is an unlawful assembly. If you wish to avoid arrest, leave now. The halls were so packed that there was no possibility of emptying them in less than 10 minutes. Within one minute of Chief Hansen's arrest warnings, at least 20 riot police, helmeted, with clubs swinging, charged the crowd. I could see several assaulted protestors falling. As they fell, police continued to beat them. . . . There was immediate panic among the protestors; there was no place to go; they were forced to face the police lines. When people tried to leave voluntarily, they were clubbed, tripped and clubbed some more. . . . [A girl] wanted to get out. She tried to get up, but the police clubbed her to the floor with blows to the head and shoulders. At this point of the pandemonium, I was pushed back by the crowd which was trying to avoid the riot police. I pleaded with a university policeman guarding the office to the School of Commerce, 'Please let me in. I'm an observer. Let me out of this.' This red-haired policeman answered, 'You fink, go out like the rest of them.' He pushed me over the heads of several demonstrators on the floor. The university policemen kicked the people on the floor. The front line of the riot police continued to club people around me. To leave I had to run the gauntlet of the riot police. I was hit four times as I went through the gauntlet."

That description is among 50 or so depositions taken by students and professors at the Law School.

Every so often somebody would sail out the door. A boy was half carried, half dragged out by his friends. He was unconscious. A girl, crying hysterically and holding her head, reeled out of the building; two boys rushed to catch her as she fell. The students outside began to fight the police. A policeman, his billy club flying into the air, went down and there was a roar from the crowd. A handful of students sneaked behind a paddy wagon where six students, under arrest, were being held. They let the air out of the wagon's tires, then pushed cars in front to block its path. The police regrouped, then fired tear gas into the students, rushing in behind the gas clubbing and stomping anybody who couldn't run fast enough to get away. Suddenly police reinforcements appeared, and the crowd broke up.

That evening 8,000 students met and agreed unanimously to boycott classes the next day. It reduced attendance at the College of Letters and Sciences, the largest at the University, by perhaps 25 percent. Three hundred of the faculty supported the students; a number of sympathizing teaching assistants were fired.

The following afternoon, the 1,200 members of the faculty met in special session and squabbled from mid-afternoon till midnight over parliamentary procedures; a few professors spoke up for the students; they made little impression. J. H. Westing, a professor in the Commerce School who had looked into the activities of the police, reported there was "surprising little blood," although he had observed a "trickle here and there." Professor Edward Obert, Engineering, charged "student brutality." Professor Scott Cutlip, Journalism, said the University could not allow "200 nihilists" to paralyze its operations. Chancellor Sewell declared that the faculty should muster "the guts" to face up to the fact that he only was administering the rules they themselves had written the previous spring. The faculty voted two-to-one to back the Chancellor in his handling of the affair. At the same time, a motion to condemn the police for the way they behaved, was beaten off.

While this was going on, Republicans who run the state legislature had whipped themselves into a frenzy. They thought Sewell was too lenient; a committee was set up to get the facts; it subpoenaed students to get the names of others. One representative suggested that future demonstrators deserved to be shot; others wanted the FBI to help find the students who had cut down an American flag from atop Bascom Hall. Among both the faculty and legislators there is a growing con-

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viction that the demonstration was part of a conspiracy masterminded by Students for a Democratic Society and the Du Bois Clubs. The only trouble with this theory is that people who have tried to find the local Du Bois Club chapter can't find it; and SDS was against the demonstration because its members, who at the hard core number perhaps 25, felt the protest did not reach to substantive issues. Bronzon LaFollette, the Democratic state attorney general, at first accused the city police of brutality, but after he was scolded by the city police chief and the Republican lieutenant governor who was acting governor at the time, he backed off and diplomatically suggested that perhaps there was violence on both sides.

JAMES RIDGEWAY

Tactics of Disruption

Oakland, California

The Spring Mobilization in New York was the last hurrah of nonviolent protest and symbolic action. In Oakland, this October's *Stop the Draft Week* represented the transition "from dissent to resistance." It was a recognition not only of a previous failure to change the Johnson Administration's war policy – that was to be expected – but a deeper recognition of a loss of momentum and a failure of nerve in the face of an exhaustion of tactical possibilities. The new technique is political disruption, an attempt to "stop the war machine," entailing a renunciation of nonviolence while still shrinking from a positive recommendation of violence.

For most members of the Bay Area steering committee of *Stop the Draft Week*, this tactic was a "step in the direction of a revolutionary form of protest." These organizers were mainly veterans of SNCC and SDS (no "old leftists" such as communists, independent socialists or active progressive laborites) and included the white editor of *The Movement*, an official organ of SNCC. They posited a necessary connection between the "system" (capitalism) and "the war" (imperialism). For most of the demonstrators, the tactic (employed Tuesday after the pacifists "did their thing" on Monday) was more simply a crusade against the war and for peace.

For the Oakland police and the California Highway Patrol, Tuesday was just the day of the big game. Well trained and in their best physical shape, they took over the three-story parking garage across from the draft induction center on Clay Street in downtown Oakland. The signal was for a trap play. Allowing 4,000 demonstrators to mill around in front of the induction center, several hundred police formed a flying wedge and, wielding billy clubs and a disabling chemical spray known as Mace, they went in for the score: 24 demonstrators hospitalized to a mere one policeman. In 20 minutes, they had the immediate area cleared, and the buses unloaded inductees soon after. The conservative *Oakland Tribune* headlined: "Police Rout Protesters." The manager of the Oakland Plaza Building, which houses the induction center, congratulated the police on their "fine teamwork." Wednesday-morning quarterback Ron Reagan issued a statement noting that the police "displayed exceptional ability and handled themselves with great professional skill." When the *San Francisco Chronicle* successfully sought a federal court restraining order after several of its reporters were roughed up, the chairman of the Alameda County Board of Supervisors, speaking at the first annual meeting of the Stamp Out Crime Crusade, suggested that the newsmen got what they deserved.

The demoralized demonstrators meanwhile retreated to the Berkeley campus for a rally. Although organizers had previously warned of tear gas and police violence and although a few demonstrators had carried signs denouncing the "fascist cops," the dominant mood of the rally was that of shocked indignation at "police brutality." The steering committee itself split: One faction wanted to picket City Hall to protest "police brutality in suppression of the antiwar movement." This action was to follow a demonstration at the office of Roger Heyns, chancellor of the Berkeley campus of the U of C, who had threatened to discipline students who spoke at the rally, made illegal by an injunction issued by a state superior court. Heyns had himself argued before the court against the injunction issued originally against a Monday night teach-in. Heyns unsuccessfully argued that the teach-in, which was to last from 11:30 p.m. until 4:30 a.m. (or until such time as much of the audience departed for the draft disruption effort), did not constitute a "staging area" for illegal activity. Since both sides of the draft issue were to be represented, Heyns said, the teach-in was a simple expression of First Amendment freedoms. To general surprise, the regents backed up Heyns.

The second faction on the steering committee wished to return to the induction center on Wednesday, but with no attempt at disruption. By a show of hands, the crowd at the rally voted for this alternative, and so on Wednesday it was back to protest.

On Thursday a spokesman for the steering committee announced that there would be a second attempt to disrupt the induction center on Friday. On the following day, upwards of 6,000 people – approximately half from Berkeley, both students and residents, the rest students from Stanford, San Jose State, San Francisco State and residents of the Bay Area – turned out in front of the induction center. No one sat down at the door of the center in a vulnerable position to be

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clubbed. The emphasis was on mobility and on tactical retreat. Probably as a result of previous press complaints, the police were more subdued, while rambunctious demonstrators blocked intersections with automobiles or whatever was handy.

As everyone knew they must, the police also won the second encounter: 10 demonstrators hospitalized to one policeman. After several hours, the induction center was again functioning normally. But the tactic of the disruptive demonstration, which seemed to have failed so badly Tuesday, was firmly established.

Michael Miles

Once More Into the Breach

Richard Nixon's Return Engagement

Richard Nixon makes few demands on our curiosity. We know him. He is not handsome, brilliant, or mysterious. He is hard work and perseverance. He compels respect, though perhaps not our vote. There is something in us that will always root for Avis. Nixon has done so much that it is hard to believe that Romney, Rockefeller and Reagan are older than he. From Whittier to Washington to Wall Street, Nixon has asked only to serve. When he arrived in New York, passersby on the street said, "Welcome to Wall Street, Mr. Vice President." But he is not Wall Street's man. Wall Street is clever, far beyond Nixon's capacities; it is cautious where he is restless; it is money-minded where he is politics-minded. Compared to the shrewdness of the Street, there is an innocence about Nixon which no calculation on his part can wholly conceal. The mantle of elder statesman fits him no better than a corporate law practice. When he is solemn, he seems phony. He is most engaging when his mind is at work on strategems. Then he is doing what he calls "The Theodore Roosevelt thing," being "the man in the arena, facing the challenge." That is what he is up to now – working for the GOP nomination next year.

At 54, he is a little balder, a little heavier, baggier under the eyes. But the bounce is there. He is ready to do it all again, and judging from last week's Gallup Poll, the public may be ready to have him. Mr. Gallup shows Nixon beating Lyndon Johnson in 1968, 49 percent to 45 percent, six percent undecided. That should be encouraging to a Republican who lost when he ran for governor in California in 1962, and who hasn't held political office since his defeat by John Kennedy seven years ago.

The Nixon campaign has begun in the conventional way. The candidate has been traveling abroad. He has conferred with "leaders" on every continent. They have told him things they would not tell President Johnson. He is seeing many journalists. He is speaking to party groups all over the country. He is helping raise money. He is writing a book.

He receives in his Wall Street office. It is not pretentious. He does not even have the best view of lower Manhattan. It is a trophy room. A dozen or so gavels form a column on the wall; next to them, gold keys in a glass case; above and beside the glass case, photographs – testimonials to the high positions Mr. Nixon has held. The one of Eisenhower is inscribed to "The Vice President." As Nixon talks, he refines his presentation.

How does he now see the world? About the way Secretary Rusk and President Johnson see it. It is our duty to contain the "doctrine" of communism. But we must not be unsophisticated; communism is not what it was when, so long ago, headlines were made from papers hidden in a pumpkin. Soviet communism is not as dangerous as it was (because we have been firm); Chinese communism is very dangerous (but if we are firm it might become less so); there are varieties of communism in between, but these, too, may become more benign if we stay strong.

Fragmented as it may be, communism still has its fascination for Mr. Nixon; he discerns in it a common purpose, a confidence in victory. Against this "virus," stands the power of the United States and its friends – no longer to be called "the West," for there is Japan. We must be united. And so must Western Europe. Jean Monet is right; for only unity can keep Germany (West) from flirtatious adventures. Britain must be in that united Europe too, for on the Continent Britain would find a field for its superb diplomatic talents.

It is in Asia, however, where the decisive struggle is going on. Mr. Nixon has got his position quite clearly fixed: if we don't give up in Vietnam, we probably won't have to fight in other places later. He thinks he can do better than Johnson, because he has not done what Johnson has done – not because he would have done differently than Johnson. Mr. Nixon's thoughts on Asia are the clearest reflection of continuity, of consensus. We must expect him to attack the Administration's foreign policy; parties fight each other, push, shove, and sometimes one might think they meant each other harm. But when the game is finished they cheer each other. Americans all.

He has told more than one journalist that he will not be tempted by advisers who tell him to take a more dovish stand on Vietnam. That would be bad for the country, and the Republican Party. Now (smile), he knows that he could "ring the changes" on the peace

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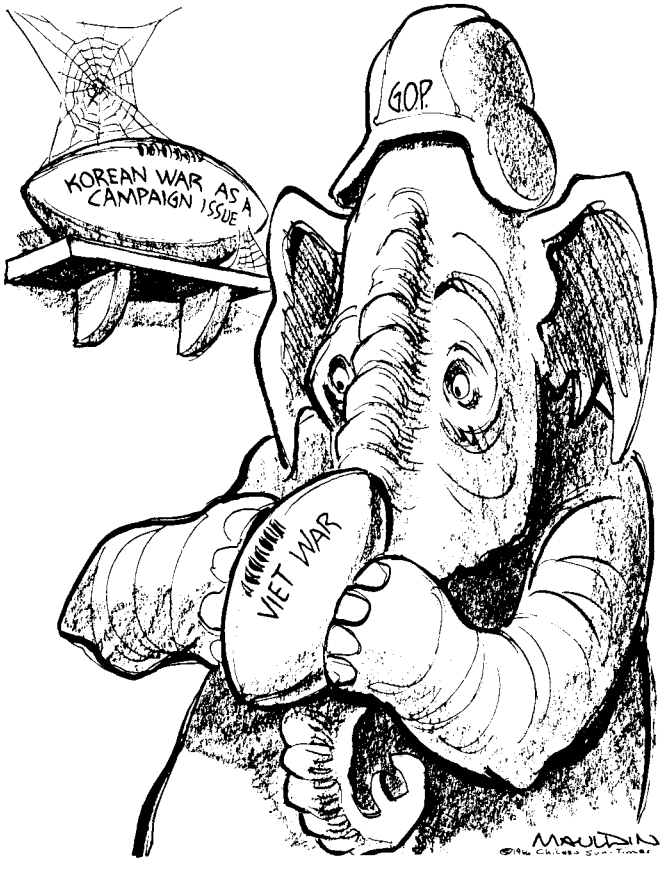
theme as well as anybody. But he won't do it. He won't because Vietnam is "strategic" to our national interest. We are not bound to intervene in civil wars everywhere in the world, but we have to fight in this one. The Chinese communists would take advantage of us were we to back away. All of Asia would be in danger. Imagine what would happen to our world were India to fall. There are not a great many "strategic areas" to whose defense we must be committed, but Vietnam is one of them. So is the Middle East, and Europe. In contrast, Bolivia is not a strategic area; the Congo is not.

Mr. Nixon appreciates that a Titoist Vietnam is possible, but that prospect alarms rather than reassures him. In the October *Foreign Affairs*, he wrote that "national communism poses a different kind of threat than the old-style international communism, but by being subtler it is in some ways more dangerous." It is unrewarding to press him for an explanation. He is hostile also to such gimmicks as Senator Percy's suggestion that more Asians be enlisted in the Vietnam battle: it won't happen; anyway if it could happen, it would not happen by calling for it publicly.

No poll, no public disenchantment is going to transform Mr. Nixon into a Fulbright. Why, then, should the public prefer Mr. Nixon to Mr. Johnson in 1968? Because, as a Republican President, Mr. Nixon would be better able to make peace. A Republican Administration could not be held responsible for what has happened so far; it would be less suspect by our adversaries. It could make a fresh start. Mr. Nixon has not forgotten Eisenhower and Korea; in his judgment, Adlai Stevenson would never have been able to do what President Eisenhower did to end the war.



"Gee, I haven't played with one of these for years."

His peace proposals are rather tentative and incomplete. Our enemies in Vietnam would be assured that they will not be massacred, that they could return to their communities. Mr. Nixon would not, however, allow them a political party of their own. He would tell the Viet Cong and the people in Hanoi that the United States is prepared, once peace comes, to invest great resources in rehabilitating that country. He would also be willing, after five years, to allow a UN supervised election throughout Vietnam, looking toward reunification. This last proposal is very Nixonish; he doesn't believe at all that communists could ever agree to properly supervised UN elections. Therefore, the United States would have adequate justification in advance for reneging on this part of the bargain.

If these proposals don't work, perhaps some others will and one comes back to the comforting thought that Nixon is what he says he is, a "pragmatist." He is not even sure that negotiations are the way the war will end. He, and we, will see.

In a less crude form, he is Lyndon Johnson, pre-Vietnam – the fixer, adapter, compromiser, never the man driven mad by conviction. He is an optimist. He does not suffer from those "deep anxieties, long sensed" (the words are those of Mr. Eisenhower's former speech writer, Emmett Hughes). He foresees peace in the third part of the 20th century. He is a moderate. For though we would be foolish to be taken in by the mellowing of Soviet communism, we ought to think about extending generous credits to the Russians and trading with them. We ought not to be "rushing to grant recognition to Peking [or] to admit it to the United Nations"; yet we "simply cannot afford to leave China forever outside the family of nations." Many countries in Latin America need a revolution; but it must not be Castro's kind. We need not get involved militarily everywhere in the world; but the United States dare not become too inward-looking either. The impending "civil war" in our cities requires attention; but we must not let that need divert us from our responsibilities abroad.

The Pacific community must rally; there must be, Mr. Nixon says, "a concert of Asian strengths as a counterforce to the designs of China." Echoes of Dean Rusk. If Richard Nixon does not become someone else's Secretary of State, perhaps Dean Rusk will be his. For they think alike. Mr. Nixon believes that Mr. Rusk is an undervalued man, needing only a President more competent in foreign affairs than LBJ.

GILBERT A. HARRISON

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Mr. Katzenbach's Puzzle

The Undersecretary of State, Nicholas deB. Katzenbach, has been quoted as being puzzled why so many liberals who supported President Truman in a policy of limited war in Korea now oppose a parallel policy in Vietnam. It is not that puzzling. The reason is that the policies we have pursued in the two countries have not been parallel but opposing.

We intervened in Korea because an independent if truncated Korea representing an indigenous political expression (the Republic of Korea) was threatened with destruction by foreign (Soviet) aggression operating through a puppet (the Pyongyang regime). Our purpose was to defeat a foreign intervention aimed at depriving the Koreans of the right of self-determination and of national independence.

In Vietnam the circumstances are very nearly the reverse. On the heels of the Japanese surrender, the Vietnamese assumed the right of self-determination and declared the independence of Vietnam. If they do not now fully possess the right of self-determination and enjoy independence as a nation it is because of actions taken by France and the United States. Pleading the cause of self-determination for the Vietnamese in the South (excluding those who refuse to accept a government installed and maintained under a foreign shield – they have no rights) we have deprived the Vietnamese people as a whole of that right and preserved an artificial division of their nation.

If at any time since the Japanese surrender all foreign intervention had been excluded from Vietnam, those against whom we are now waging war would quickly have come to power in a reunified nation. What we are doing in Vietnam is employing overwhelming military power to set aside the verdict of indigenous political forces. We sent military forces not because the Hanoi government and the National Liberation Front are instruments of a foreign power – they are not – and not because they committed aggression, but because they are communist. Surely no one could be so naïve as to believe that we should have intervened in Vietnam had the Hanoi government and the NLF done exactly what they have done but had not been communist. We should in that case have taken the view that they were doing what anyone of national self-respect would be doing in their place – trying by the only means available to reunite their country, which foreign powers had divided, and get rid of the Saigon regime, which foreign powers had installed. How else were they to accomplish this except by force inasmuch as the provisions of the Geneva Accord, for the peaceful reunification of the country, which the Saigon regime with the backing of the United States had refused to carry out, had become a dead letter?

If revolts broke out in North Korea and East Germany against the existing regimes there and the Republic of Korea and the Federal Republic of Germany went to the assistance of the insurgents, we might consider their conduct highly unwise in view of the state of the world but we should certainly not consider them guilty of aggression. Anyone who charged them with aggression would, certainly in my opinion, probably be a person of at least strong communist leanings.

When the Department of State says that we are in Vietnam to combat aggression, the Department of State is lying. We are in Vietnam to combat those whose ideology and orientation – matters upon which other nations are surely entitled to make up their own minds – are unacceptable to us. And we are combating them with a ruthless destructiveness hardly exceeded in the history of warfare.

We have sent an army to Vietnam to force a settlement of a civil war on our terms, and we have done so without any mandate from any government that could conceivably be regarded as representative of the people of Vietnam and without any mandate from the international community. (We have never sought a vindication of our course in Vietnam in the UN General Assembly because we are afraid to.) By any test I know, what we have done in Vietnam is to commit aggression. If Korea and Vietnam are parallel, we are playing in Vietnam the role that Communist China played when it intervened in Korea to prevent the destruction of the regime set up in the North by the USSR. We intervened in Vietnam to prevent the destruction of the regime set up by the French in the South.

The independence of the Republic of Vietnam was proclaimed in August 1945 with Ho Chi Minh, unquestionably regarded by the Vietnamese as their George Washington, as president of a provisional government. In January 1946, nationwide elections to a National Assembly were held in Vietnam, in which 90 percent of the electorate reportedly voted, and a government under Ho Chi Minh was formed by the National Assembly. By an accord of March 6, France recognized this government as the legitimate government of a free state of Vietnam. It then set about to undermine that government's position by military force and restore its own prewar powers in Indochina. As a means to this end, in 1948, it set up a rival government in Saigon under Bao Dai, ignoring the warnings of the Department of State as to the likely consequences if it did – warnings that have been amply borne out. Although well armed with American weapons, France was defeated. By 1954 the Vietnamese government (as we all

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called the government under Ho Chi Minh to begin with, including the French) had doubly demonstrated the right of the Vietnamese to national independence and its own right to be considered the representative of the Vietnamese nation.

The separation of southern Vietnam from northern at Geneva was as morally wrong as the separation of northern Korea from southern and of eastern Germany from western, which the USSR forced upon the world. It was also as wrong in terms of the principles that our national interests require us to support and defend. The Hanoi government accepted the division under pressure because it was persuaded, as was everyone else, that the "general elections," which the Geneva Accord stipulated were to be held in two years in order to obtain a "free expression of the national will," would see it restored to control over a united Vietnam.

But having been betrayed by France, Ho Chi Minh was now to be betrayed by the United States. Our excuse for supporting the refusal of the Saigon regime to prepare for elections is that free elections in North Vietnam were out of the question. But we conspicuously did not denounce the Geneva Accord on those grounds when it was negotiated in 1954. The United States has acted in bad faith. It was determined to prevent communists from achieving power in a united Vietnam.

In electing the course it has followed in Vietnam, the Administration apparently acted on the premise that communists everywhere are part of a unified, worldwide apparatus. By this token, when the Hanoi government and its allies in the South moved against the Saigon regime, their action was to be considered aggression – a crime against a nation or people by outsiders. Only in terms of such a conception is it possible to make sense of the State Department's position that our failure to intervene in Vietnam would have been the equivalent of another Munich. But the view of communism as a monolithic, centralized, supranational force, which began to look very doubtful when the Yugoslavian communists stood up to the USSR, became untenable (though the Department of State continued to cling to it) with the first signs of a rift between Moscow and Peking.

To support its case that there has been aggression, the Administration continually speaks of South Vietnam as a separate country. But this is misrepresentation. South Vietnam does not purport to be a separate country. The Saigon regime does not represent itself as the government of a South Vietnamese nation. It would outrage Vietnamese nationalism if it did. It represents itself as the government of the Republic of Vietnam, the only legitimate *Vietnamese* government. It observes as a day of national humiliation the anniversary of the accord dividing Vietnam (which, by the way, stated categorically that "the military demarcation line is provisional and should not in any way be interpreted as constituting a political or territorial boundary"). The war in Vietnam is a civil war, but we cannot admit this without also admitting that in intervening in it we are intervening in the internal affairs of another country. It is highly significant that the United States government has always made a point of speaking of the *Republic* of Korea, giving its correct name, never calling it South Korea; whereas the US always speaks of *South* Vietnam, never of the *Republic* of Vietnam. In the one case, we have wished to have the truth known, that there is only one Korea. In the other we have wished to conceal it and pretend that there are two Vietnams.

The Secretary justifies our intervention in Vietnam as a move in the containment of Communist China. Similar reasoning would have had us send an army to Yugoslavia to save it from communism in 1946 when Tito proclaimed his "Federal People's Republic" and put Mikhailovich to death, for surely the USSR was as dangerous an antagonist as China is. One wonders if Mr. Rusk thinks that would have been a good idea.

The French waged a savage war against Ho Chi Minh's government because it was nationalist and drove it into the embrace of its communist component. Now we are waging a savage war against it because it is controlled by communists, albeit indigenous, nationalist communists, and may well drive it into the embrace of Communist China. We are doing this to a government that, if we knew anything at all about man as a political animal, we must recognize would have constituted a firm barrier to Chinese expansion southward had its national aims been achieved – probably the most effective barrier in Southeast Asia to Chinese expansion.

One further point. The Secretary has declared that our commitments required us to come to the defense of the Saigon regime. Whatever our commitments to that regime may have been, we have a previous and far more weighty commitment, made before the world, not to do what we are doing in Vietnam, which is to intervene unilaterally in another country with military force to make our will prevail there. The Americans who died in two world wars and the Korean war died essentially for the principle that the nations of the world should be secure from just such intervention – from aggression. The Administration has sacrificed the lives of 13,000 young Americans to vitiate the principles for which those 400,000 were sacrificed.

A century from now we shall still not have lived down the needlessness, the duplicity, the barbarity of our adventure in Vietnam. CHARLTON OGBURN JR.

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Walt Whitman Rostow

by Alex Campbell

A sensible looking girl, not pretty and not a hippie, was outside the White House with a sign, "War is our biggest business." If she'd walked 50 yards to the West Wing and entered the basement she'd have found a genial man busy in shirt-sleeves over charts of death and destruction. Walt Whitman Rostow, the professor turned presidential assistant, is chiefly responsible for the bombing of North Vietnam.

It's extraordinarily difficult to think of him as a dirty fascist. He looks more like a historian or economist, and is both. "My professional life," says Rostow, "has been a counterpoint between the world of ideas and the world of public policy." Up to a point he talks like any sound liberal, as might be expected from a man whose Russian immigrant socialist father proudly named his sons Walt Whitman and Eugene Victor (for Debs). Rostow is for poverty programs, medicare, restructuring American cities without ghettos. But his *idée fixe* is a communist takeover. Communists are romantic revolutionaries, scavengers of sick societies, a disease. With romantic revolutionaries popping up in American cities, Rostow thinks the communist apparatus is back in business here, as well as undermining Asia. He isn't panicking, though, for history is on the side of counterinsurgency.

Insiders fasten the Johnson Administration's Vietnam policy on Rostow and Rostow's former boss, Dean Rusk. "Rostow has this thing about guerrillas," a State Department man explains, "and Rusk has a bug up his ass about China." In June 1961, Rostow, who was soon to be head of policy planning in the State Department, told President Kennedy that the kind of operation Hanoi was conducting against South Vietnam across the 17th parallel was as clear a form of aggression as the North Korean Army crossing of the 38th parallel in June 1950. Rostow was pleased when Kennedy bought his and General Taylor's recommendation to put 10,000 Americans into South Vietnam. But Rostow argued additionally for air attacks on North Vietnam, unless Russia as co-chairman of the Geneva conference agreed to put a halt on North Vietnamese "infiltration" into South Vietnam through Laos. Rostow says Russia did agree, in 1962, at the second Geneva conference, but didn't act or couldn't, and in February 1965, in what Rostow calls "the trough of the war," with the Viet Cong clearly winning despite an enlarged American military presence in South Vietnam, Johnson ordered air raids on the North.

There is another, non-Rostow version of those events between 1961 and 1965. This is that they stem from Ho Chi Minh's having been badly swindled at the 1954 Geneva conference, which promised elections in Vietnam that even Eisenhower thought Ho must win, but which, with American complicity, were never held. Instead, Ho's supporters in the South were hounded by Ngo Dinh Diem (hailed by Lyndon Johnson as "Asia's Churchill") until they organized for armed rebellion and forced Hanoi's hand into helping them. Diem grew so tyrannical he was finally assassinated, in 1963, by his own army officers (with the tacit approval of the US). Rostow, however, prefers his own version: "the North Vietnamese in 1954 settled for half the victory they had sought," then changed their minds. He links the change of mind, somewhat mistily, to Russia's successful launch of Sputnik.

Walt Rostow's critics call him many things. A compulsive fitter of discrete phenomena into a schema. A philosopher with a theory of history to which the facts fail to conform at their peril. A lightweight inventor of brand names and slogans (he is credited with the New Frontier, Pax Americana and "Let's get this country moving again.") He has also been called the Ngo Dinh Nhu of the Johnson Administration – Nhu was the brother who urged Diem on to ever eviler courses. Rostow's seminal economic tract, *The Stages of Economic Growth*, subtitled "A Non-Communist Manifesto," was praised by the London *Economist* as "the most stimulating contribution to political and economic discussion . . . since the war." Some fellow economists pooh-pooh it as tinny. One professor's view: "Probably no theory has been so widely circulated from so slight a base of organized fact and careful analysis."

Rostow knows he is generalization-prone, but pleads that it's a good American habit. Americans suffer "a certain vague disorder" at high levels of abstraction, tending to balloon out concepts "not rigorously related to the bodies of fact they were meant to illuminate"; as Tocqueville said, they "explain a mass of facts by a single cause." But Rostow defends this as the fruitful obverse of American practicality; how otherwise "define, anticipate, and deal with the forces loose in the world"? The task of American scholars in the

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field of government policy is "to achieve a synthesis and put it in the President's head." Unfortunately, American scholars are apt to back away from synthesis. Not so Rostow. Ever since he was a young OSS officer in World War II, he has made syntheses, then tried to put them in high official heads.

Rostow's impulse is to narrow down contemporary history to a choice between communism and the world as it would be if remade by Walt Rostow. His revolution or theirs. He sees countries forming regional partnerships, voluntarily cooperating to keep the peace and growing happily in wealth by about six percent per annum, like a tax-free municipal bond. The only serious hurdles are the population explosion and the communists. But where Rostow sees nations already beginning to cooperate under the banner of his non-communist manifesto of economic growth, others seem to see a diminishing sense of common interests and a denial of common responsibilities. Asked recently if he supported America's Vietnam policy, West German Chancellor Kiesinger replied, "We feel a responsibility only for our own area."

Rostow concedes that most of the wars of the past two centuries have been caused by nationalism, but he seems to think wars will now cease, if only the communists are put out of business, or consent to grow up. His vision of "a new dawn in which organized violence finally ends," with Vietnam as perhaps "the last great confrontation of the postwar era," doesn't square with current non-communist situations in Asia, Africa, the Middle East and Latin America. In all these places, he has to admit, there are "bitter struggles to alter boundaries . . . ambitious policies of regional expansion or hegemony." The nearest he gets to an explanation of why war is becoming outdated except with the communists is that "aggressive impulses diminish in technologically mature societies." Like Nazi Germany and Imperial Japan?

Underestimating human orneriness and overestimating communist guerrillas, Rostow sees mainly communists obstructing the "modernization process" in developing countries. The sabotaging capacities of landlords, usurers and other familiar parasites take second place. This gives his philosophy a rightward lurch that has had unhappy practical consequences. He declares that "in the first half of the sixties the world community began to bring development policy toward the center of the stage." In the second half, it is being quickly trundled backward again, due largely to American absorption in the Vietnam war; that is to say, absorption in obstructing communists. Twelve years ago, when he was a professor at MIT, Rostow said in a book about American policy in Asia that "too many Asians believe we are obsessed with military problems," and he advised that "the US should sharply reduce its exhortation and pressure for anti-communist action in Southeast Asia," because the Asians didn't believe that "communist intentions require the creation of an Asian defense pact." How do most Asians feel today, comparing this country's $30-billion annual spending on Vietnam with its $200-million contribution to an Asian Development Bank?

Rostow is euphoric about growing "regionalism" among backward countries. He points to labels like Organization for African Unity, Mekong Committee, Central American Common Market. These often turn out like the American movie on urban renewal, that showed old slums being bulldozed and replaced by shiny new high-rises, but didn't show the same old poor being reshuffled into other slums elsewhere. He also has a list of "success stories": formerly stagnant countries that have, in his terminology, "taken off" for growth, health and freedom. The first name on his list is Greece. He has a ready explanation for military coups that make American liberals unhappy. "Multiple, shallowly rooted, highly assertive" political parties finally drive a distracted government, seeking only to preserve order and to provide security and welfare, into reluctantly accepting military rule so as to curb the unruly political factions that are after power without responsibility. That is identical with the juntas' own rationalizations. For once Rostow doesn't put all the blame on communists, but he appears less worried than he surely ought to be about what this does to his own recipe for economic growth. The recipe for backward countries calls for rising real incomes for farmers – which means for the large majority – in order to develop a mass market for domestic manufactures. If the peasants don't get a fair shake there is no lasting "takeoff"; the "modernization process" stalls and the backward society is apt to blow up in a revolution of thwarted expectations. But the sort of people who usually back military rule usually are the ones who would rather their society blew up than redistributed income. Either Rostow underrates the possibilities of revolution from below, to a degree that is astonishing in a man who is almost a professional anti-communist; or else he counts on dictatorial rule – aided by American "counterinsurgency" techniques – muzzling discontent.

On the military dangers of communism, Rostow has been fighting a rearguard action with the facts for a dozen years or more. The way he sees it, the US is "engaged in a relentless struggle with the communist powers," whose diabolic aim is "a world of order, dominated from a single center, of nations forced into a single mold." The Sino-Soviet split ruined that thesis. So Rostow has to prove that America, armed to the teeth with nuclear weapons and boasting a superiority over Russia of at least four to one, is in danger of being outmatched by communist guerrillas in Asia. He says communist guerrilla war in Southeast Asia has to

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be taken seriously, "not merely" as a bid to outflank the Indian subcontinent, but as a method whereby the communists hope to outflank the "military power of the free world" and so gain "control over the world's power balance." By his chronology, guerrilla war began in Indochina in 1946 and was also tried in Burma, Malaya, Indonesia and the Philippines, culminating in the Korean war. Twenty years after, of the places he lists as subject to their guerrilla attack, the communists have only North Vietnam. The "fall" of China Rostow attributes not to the red guerrillas but to "the failure of modern China in association with the West to realize the revolutionary aspirations that have been stirred in Asia over the past century." This, though he doesn't see it, is the key to most Asians' lukewarmness to American military answers to Asian social and political conundrums.

The huge US military involvement in Vietnam is unpopular with the Asians and both Rostow and Rusk know it. But few Asian leaders are going to stick their necks out and publicly condemn the all-powerful United States, especially when fat war contracts come their way (about $1.6 billion a year, in Japan's case). Their tactful silence has only swelled Rostow's euphoria. He claimed last November that the Asian "two-thirds of the human race" are on our side and that their voice was heard at last year's Manila conference attended by President Johnson. Rostow even made it sound as if the war in Vietnam were actually being fought by those Asian millions. "They need our military help in seeing the war in Vietnam through to an honorable peace," he told an American editors' conference in California. The facts are that very little of Asia was represented at the Manila conference. Of seven nations attending, only three other Asian ones – South Korea, Thailand and, by a large stretch of generosity, the Philippines – are involved in the Vietnam war. Nevertheless, Rostow says Asians are "betting on" the US. He rejects the thought that non-communist Asians, seeing what our military power is doing to South Vietnam, will think twice before invoking our aid; or that Americans will think twice about getting into another Vietnam.

Part of the Rostow-Rusk thesis is that a demonstration of American willingness to bleed will deter the communists from future Vietnams. They don't say how many demonstrations will be necessary, or how often Americans will have to "prove themselves in battle" (Rostow's phrase) to convince the communists. Convincing displays of American valor in World War II, at places like Iwo Jima, didn't prevent the Korean war, and Korea didn't prevent Vietnam. The Chinese haven't been involved in the Vietnam fighting and Rostow doesn't think they will be. But that is because *we* are fighting. Twelve years ago he forecast new American "military tasks" and "sacrifices" in Asia, because "China has systematically singled out the US as its enemy." He has done as much as any man to make this a self-fulfilling prophecy, yet now he concedes that China is militarily too weak, and too divided internally, to be likely to get into the Vietnam war, that logistics are against a Chinese military takeover of Southeast Asia, that China is "militarily cautious," and that North Vietnam's "impulses" are "substantially independent of China." However, if this country "pulls out," China is so big, and Russia has so little leverage in Southeast Asia, that "Asia may pass into hostile hands and become a threat to our security without any military aggression." It is a terrible picture – Asia overrun by Asians. Meantime the shoe seems to be on the other foot. Peking may feel it is essential to China's security to ensure that no more American air bases are built in small Asian countries on China's perimeter, like Thailand. The truly astonishing thing about the Chinese is that they have so far let Thailand get away with it. The Russians would not tolerate US bases in Finland near Leningrad and the Finns have more sense than to invite any. This country refused to tolerate Soviet missiles in Cuba. Perhaps China is only biding its time before swallowing Burma and essaying the considerable boa constrictor's feat of swallowing India as well. But the evidence is notably lacking and in any case our deep involvement in Vietnam seems irrelevant to any such long-term Chinese plan.

Rostow's rash attempts to make his high and hasty abstractions illuminate stubborn bodies of complex facts have proved wholly disastrous to American foreign policy. What he himself has called his "dangerous essays in generalization" have merely afforded other men a handy philosophical framework for their own gut reactions. The irony is that Rostow can, on occasion, be as cautious as any Chinese. He once warned: "The primary responsibility for dealing with guerrilla warfare in the underdeveloped areas cannot be American." Secretary Rusk recently tried to curdle everyone's blood by talking about a billion Chinese armed with nuclear weapons; but Rostow in 1965 assured a Tokyo audience that China was "unlikely to provoke nuclear retaliation by employing against others such nuclear capabilities as China may command." Rostow talks as though he believes it is America's manifest destiny to be trustees for human freedom in Asia and around the globe, and that only an American finger in the dike prevents a flood of communist guerrillas drowning the non-communist world in insurgency. But earlier this year, he told a British audience he saw a new generation emerging "skeptical of expansionist and geopolitical concepts and visions that engaged their elders," a generation "that will set its own goals and priorities." He was talking about the communist world; but his remark deserves pondering by our own elders.

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"Ya Americanski Sotsialist"

The story might have been contrived by a clever popular novelist who wanted to include a lot of the important social and political strands in early 20th-century America. The hero is tall and good-looking, was born in the West, comes East to Harvard, graduates in 1910 along with T. S. Eliot, Walter Lippmann, and "Putzi" Hanfstaengl (who later became Hitler's close friend). The hero makes his obligatory cattle-boat trip to Europe, on which voyage he faces a (false) murder charge, then returns to Greenwich Village to be a poet. He has a flamboyant affair with the richest and most celebrated bohemian woman of the day. Under the influence of, among others, Lincoln Steffens, he becomes a radical. As a magazine correspondent, he spends several months with Pancho Villa in the Mexican hinterlands; and after the outbreak of war in Europe, he journeys behind both the Allied and German lines. Back in America, he leaves the rich woman, takes a beautiful young woman away from her husband, and eventually marries her. Summering on Cape Cod, he writes a short play for the Provincetown Players, who are just beginning, acts in a play by a new writer named Eugene O'Neill, and O'Neill himself acts in a play by the hero's wife-to-be. In 1917 money is raised to send our hero to Russia to report, and by happy accident he is in Petrograd in November to see Kerensky overthrown, to meet Trotsky, and to witness the great Ten Days. In a burst of enthusiasm Trotsky appoints him – an American! – the first Soviet consul in New York. (The appointment is soon invalidated.) Back in New York our hero writes the classic eye-witness account of the most momentous political event of the century. By now he is a convinced Communist, is much involved in agitation, and helps to found one branch of the American Communist Party. (It later merges with the other branch.) He goes back to Moscow to get Soviet approval of the branch he founded, takes on a mission for the Soviet government, is caught, and spends three months in a Finnish jail. Once more in Moscow, he contracts typhus, gets the best available medical aid at Lenin's personal command, but dies – three days before his thirty-third birthday. The Soviets give him a state funeral and bury him beside the Kremlin Wall. His widow subsequently marries a man who becomes US Ambassador to France, is divorced by him and dies in Paris at forty-one of the results of drug addiction, still in love with her long-gone first husband.

Could Irving Wallace possibly improve on it? It is, of course, a sketch of the life of John Reed.

It seems incredible that a man with such a fantastic life, who was an outstanding revolutionary in a turbulent period of American politics, and who, in death, was a kind of romantic idol for thousands of young people in the 30's, should have had only two books written about him. Granville Hicks wrote the first biography, published in 1936, and it is still a much-respected work. Now there is a second. *The Lost Revolutionary* by Richard O'Connor and Dale L. Walker[1] has the advantage over Hicks of having subsequent publications to tap. Hicks wrote recently (in a new introduction to a new edition of *Ten Days That Shook the World*):[2] "Not much new material about Reed has appeared in the past thirty years." Nevertheless, O'Connor and Walker have been able to refer to books by Mabel Dodge Luhan (the rich bohemian) and Max Eastman, both of whom had refused to cooperate with Hicks when he was researching, and to a book by Benjamin Gitlow which these new authors call "one of the more important documents in the history of personal disillusionment with Communism." Unaccountably, they do not make use of *O'Neill* by Arthur and Barbara Gelb to state that the playwright and Louise Bryant (Reed's mistress and, later, wife) were lovers that summer at Provincetown; they cite ambiguously "an emotional triangle between Reed, O'Neill, and Miss Bryant." They do not include photographs, any more than Hicks did; and their bibliography, unlike Hicks', is inadequate. There is no complete list of Reed's published writings.

Hicks was writing about a hero of his, at a time when he himself was a Communist. O'Connor and Walker have produced a racy, readable chronicle but one feels they could write an equally competent book on any subject for which they got a commission. Their account of Reed's political awakening and development is unsatisfactory. Daniel Aaron has said in *Writers on the Left* (1961):

> "Reed's transformation from a college boy who was at times obnoxiously aggressive and hell-bent for extracurricular success to a dedicated revolutionist and posthumous Communist Party saint has been commented upon at length by his friends and critics. Yet despite the close attention he has received, it is not at all clear why this well-born, well-fed boy from Portland, Oregon, should have become, in Earl Browder's words, 'the passionate partisan of a great cause'."

It is, however, much clearer from Hicks than from this new book. Hicks did not solve the matter, but at least he had a close knowledge and understanding of the forces at work. The new book does not even mention, for instance, Sumner Boyd, who was "perhaps the first thoroughly informed Marxist Reed had known" (Hicks) and who influenced him notably.

But it is the matter of Reed as "posthumous Communist Party saint" that is most interesting to us today, and this relates directly to his beliefs during the last few months of his life, in

(Continued on page 30)

[1] *The Lost Revolutionary* by Richard O'Connor and Dale L. Walker (Harcourt, Brace & World; $6.95)

[2] *Ten Days That Shook the World* by John Reed With an Introduction by Granville Hicks (Signet; 75c)

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The Letter Killeth

by Robert Coles

"Our world is obsessed by the physical, moral and sexual problems of childhood," Philippe Ariès has told us in his fascinating *Centuries of Childhood*, and there is money to be made by those who offer "advice" to parents about the children we all want to bring up and instruct in the best, the very, very best way possible. Book after book appears, each one telling beleaguered, ambitious, enormously concerned mothers and fathers how to do just about everything with their children: feed, clothe and discipline them; teach them how to read at about one or two; keep them busy and keep them "creative"; help them "communicate" more effectively so that they will be friendlier, more "adaptive," and of course, better "socialized."

Freedom – Not License!
by A. S. Neill
(Hart; $4.95)

The School Day Begins
compiled by Agnes Krarup and Associates
(Hobbs, Dorman; $4)

Some of the books tell of "experiments" or "plans" or "schools" – nursery, elementary and on upward – based on one or another "method" or "philosophy." The child is "naturally" like this, or like that; he craves tasks; he needs "expression"; he has to have "challenges"; his "spontaneity" must be protected at every cost; he is going through all sorts of psychological crises, so he must be "understood"; and at school he needs to learn right off the "truth" because he is vulnerable, susceptible, an easy prey to alien philosophies.

It is easy to laugh at the absurd, pretentious and one-sided character of all those books; but their influence is, as Ariès says, an obsessive one that gives to millions of American homes and classrooms an atmosphere of desperate self-consciousness. Always it is the next idea, the next technique, the next "philosophy," the next kind of knowledge that will make a difference – by making the child "better," more "normal" more "adjusted," more outstanding, more "successful" in school and with his "peers," as other boys and girls are now called.

Here, for example, is what Mr. A. S. Neill, the author of *Summerhill*, modestly chooses to discuss in his new book *Freedom – Not License!*: manners, respect, dishonesty, discrimination, homework, sex and its vicissitudes – with sections on nudity, menstruation, contraceptives and a lot more. That is not all. There are sections on religion, "character molding," marriage, "undesirable companions," spanking, destructiveness, lying and stealing, television, food, thumbsucking, toys, sleep, and "fantasy." There is a section on the "problems of adolescence," with discussions of smoking, drinking, drug addiction, clothes, money, intermarriage, "staying out late" and driving a car. Then comes something called "family tension," which includes such matters as "parental disagreement," the broken home, grandparents, and of course that discovery of discoveries in our time, "sibling rivalry." Nor is the reader left at loose ends: a final section tells him about fear, and stuttering, and psychotherapy and a phenomenon called "introversion" – which turns out to be nothing to worry about, since a child so affected can later become an "open golf champion."

What really characterizes Mr. Neill's thinking? We are told that he, a "famous educator," wants to offer advice to parents on their "everyday problems of child rearing." How in general does he go about doing so? Perhaps his basic admonition is that "never must the child be made afraid or be made to feel guilty." He is worried not about conventional "rights" or "wrongs" but about "anti-life attitudes" and "complexes." He wants parents to "go deep, folks, go deep and stop worrying about things that are only outer symptoms of inner conflicts." Bullying, fighting, dishonesty, stealing, lying – they are evidence that a child lacks love and freedom. He is becoming "anti-life," and a child should be "advised to discriminate between those who are pro-life and those who are anti-life."

Mr. Neill would no doubt be amused and horrified by *The School Day Begins*, "a guide to opening exercises" for grades kindergarten to twelve of the Pittsburgh public schools, compiled by Agnes Krarup and her "associates." It is filled with a kind of sickly sentiment, chauvinism, and overworked piety that no student at Summerhill will ever hear recited in class. The book actually is one more tribute to America's much advertised ingenuity. In 1963 the Su-

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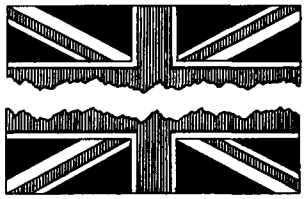

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Essays by Derek J. de Solla Price, J. Z. Young, George Miller, Leonard I. Shiff, Saunders MacLane, Hans W. Lipmann, and others.

304 pp. Cloth, $5.95, paper, $2.45.

preme Court said that a reading of the Bible and of prayers from one or another religion infringed upon the rights of those other Americans – "non-believers" and members of "minority sects" – whom the Constitution also protects. Right away the superintendent of Pittsburgh's schools, among many others, decided to take action. He reminded his teachers that the "opening exercises" must continue, concerned as they are with "fastening values in our schools." He mentioned brotherhood, integrity and "the ethic of love" as still teachable, Bible or no Bible; and he set out to prove his faith by appointing a committee of teachers and charging them with the task of gathering "materials" and "creative contributions."

The committee succeeded, and now all America can enjoy Pittsburgh's prosperity: programs for opening exercises, arranged for children of different ages and taken from – well, the words of just about anyone you may know to be great and wise. There is H. V. Kaltenborn talking about "How I Found Peace." There is, of course, George Washington. Poems abound – by Whittier and Longfellow, Walter de la Mare and Sara Teasdale. The National Conference of Christians and Jews is represented, and the Boy Scouts are saluted again and again. There is a section called "The Philosophy of President Lyndon B. Johnson," and a few pages on Patrick Henry saying, "the war is inevitable – let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!" Old stoics like Clifton Fadiman tell us that a "Lifetime Savings Plan" is not enough; what we need is a "Lifetime Reading Plan." Why? "Because such a grand design can fill your mind, slowly gradually, year by year. . . ." Anyway, says Fadiman, remember what William Godwin said: "He that loves reading has everything within his reach." (There's a slogan for ghetto schoolchildren to remember.)

The poems do not have titles that are likely to sadden or worry a child or make him feel un-American. One finds "Try, Try Again," "The Day Will Bring Some Lovely Thing," "The Happy World," "We All Love Our Flag" and "America First." Best of all, that venerable and important sage Bennett Cerf is in there pitching: "Reading is like eating peanuts: once you begin,

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you tend to go on and on." We have a lot to defend in this country.

Most interesting is a long section called "Thoughts for the Day." It is "arranged by groups in ascending order of difficulty." There are dozens and dozens of aphorisms, sayings, epigrams and mottoes. Some of the authors might take offense, though, were they alive. Thus, Seneca's "If we do not watch, we lose our opportunities" is classified as "Easy to Understand," whereas "Look before you leap" by a man named Heywood is placed under "Needing Some Reflection." Of course there are the obviously complicated ideas – requiring considerable thoughtfulness, like "Hitch your wagon to a star," or "The greatest truths are commonly the simplest," or "Responsibility educates." Naturally, inevitably, some thoughts will "require insight," like those given to us by that wily man-of-all-trades Benjamin Franklin: "Time is Money" – because, as Seneca said, "While we are postponing, life speeds by." (That observation requires "insight," too.)

It seems like a long way from Pittsburgh to Summerhill, but I am not so sure they are all that apart. In both cases teachers, parents and students are saddled with what Orwell called "pretentious diction" and "meaningless words." Everything in Summerhill should be "creative," or "spontaneous," or "healthy" and lead to "freedom" – which is lavishly praised in Pittsburgh and defined in an absurdly categorical way in Summerhill. As a matter of fact, Summerhill's rhetoric fits rather well into Pittsburgh's scheme of things: "It is this distinction between freedom and license that many parents cannot grasp. In the disciplined home, the children have *no* rights. In the spoiled home, they have *all* the rights. The proper home is one in which children and adults share equal rights." Like everything else these days, the politics of "moderation" apparently has its origin in the nursery.

What do we actually want for our children? In Pittsburgh we want them to be perfectly obedient and loyal Americans, and in Summerhill perfectly "free" and "natural" and full of "life." In both places they and their teachers have to put up with clichés, with pat and trite "answers" to neatly posed

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issues. Neither place gives much quarter to life's uncertainties and ambiguities.

Here is Anna Freud recently describing – in *Normality and Pathology in Childhood* – our contemporary efforts to achieve a "psychoanalytic education" for children, so as to "prevent" neurosis in them: "The attempts to reach this aim have never been abandoned, difficult and bewildering as their results turned out to be at times. When we look back over their history now, after a period of more than forty years, we see them as a long series of trials and errors." She goes on to make a summary that may well be in itself a cultural document of this century:

> ". . . At the time when psychoanalysis laid great emphasis on the seductive influence of sharing the parents' bed and the traumatic consequences of witnessing parental intercourse, parents were warned against bodily intimacy with their children and against performing the sexual act in the presence of even their youngest infants. When it was proved in the analysis of adults that the withholding of sexual knowledge was responsible for many intellectual inhibitions, full sexual enlightenment at an early age was advocated. When hysterical symptoms, frigidity, impotence, etc., were traced back to prohibitions and the subsequent repressions of sex in childhood, psychoanalytic upbringing put on its program a lenient and permissive attitude toward the manifestations of infantile, pregenital sexuality. When the new instinct theory gave aggression the status of a basic drive, tolerance was extended also to the child's early and violent hostilities, his death wishes against parents and siblings, etc. When anxiety was recognized as playing a central part in symptom formation, every effort was made to lessen the children's fear of parental authority. When guilt was shown to correspond to the tension between the inner agencies, this was followed by the ban on all educational measures likely to produce a severe super-ego. When the new structural view of the personality placed the onus for maintaining an inner equilibrium on the ego, this was translated into the need to foster in the child the development of ego forces strong enough to hold their own against the pressure of the drives. Finally, in our time, when analytic investigations have turned to earliest events in the first year of life and highlighted their importance, these specific insights are being translated into new and in some respects revolutionary techniques of infant care."

A little further on she takes note of the great hope and faith that was involved in all this: "In the unceasing search for pathogenic agents and preventative measures, it seemed always the latest analytic discovery which promised a better and more final solution of the problem."

In any event some of the advice given to parents was useful, helping them to feel more open and relaxed with their children, and sparing their children a substantial variety of harsh and senseless practices. There were disappointments too:

> ". . . above all, to rid the child of anxiety proved an impossible task. Parents did their best to reduce their children's fear of them, merely to find that they were increasing guilt feelings, *i.e.*, fears of the child's own conscience. Where in its turn, the severity of the super-ego was reduced, children produced the deepest of all anxieties, *i.e.*, the fear of human beings who feel unprotected against the pressure of their drives."

All in all, what emerged were children to some extent unlike others before them, but nonetheless human: ". . . It is true that the children who grew up under its influence were in some respects different from earlier generations; but they were not freer from anxiety or from conflicts, and therefore not less exposed to neurotic and other mental illnesses."

That kind of knowledge does not easily reduce itself to a "thought for the day," even one that "requires insight"; for that matter, it is a kind of knowledge that many psychiatrists and psychoanalysts don't quite comprehend. Nor can it be offered to parents so that their "everyday problems of child-rearing" will be "solved." Anyhow, who today wants Miss Freud's

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biblical irony and detachment? In Pittsburgh they want to *read* the Bible, and perhaps memorize a few of its nicer passages. In Summerhill they want to make their own Bible and in it spell out everything, with nothing left to mystery, chance, accident, fate or – God forbid! – neurosis. "The letter killeth," warned St. Paul, and our ears continue to be deaf to his message.

Unfair To Cows

by Honor Tracy

If cows could read and write Miss Dunn might be getting some stiff mail. No cow, of my acquaintance at least, was ever half as stupid, let alone as vulgar as the *mulier sapientis* of her title. In real life Mrs. Joy Steadman would prattle most of us into a frenzy within the hour: yet the resourceful Miss Dunn fixes our attention on her for 133 pages. This is achieved not by

Poor Cow
by Nell Dunn
(Doubleday; $3.95)

dint of the "searing realism and compassionate understanding" claimed by the blurb, for humanly Joy can neither interest nor touch us: it is by the sheer riveting authenticity of all she says, does and thinks, of her dyed hair and cheap scent, her craving for possessions, her dreams, her utter frightfulness.

The story opens with Joy bringing her week-old baby home from the hospital. Her first reaction to motherhood was to wonder how a smart girl like her ever got landed; but soon enough she is drooling over little Jonny's little legs and his little mouth at her nipple and the comforting smell of his wetted bed. She is glad of his company too, for her husband frequently has to be out all night. Never marry a thief, she counsels – much as a seaman's wife might say, "Never marry a sailor" – for you never know where they are or what they're up to. But the inconveniences are trifling compared to the rewards. On her twenty-second birthday Joy is standing in her frayed petticoat, her hair sticking out like a Hottentot's, so skint she hasn't even drawers to put on – and in comes Tom with a huge bag of stolen money, enough for a Jaguar and a luxury flat!

A period of gracious living sets in: "the bath felt like satin, yer arse just skated along it"; but then Tom is jailed and it's goodbye to the satiny bath. Joy and the child move in on her Auntie Emm, who lives in one room on Poor Relief eked out with a little prostitution. But "there's not much money in sex nowadays, too many people are doing it"; or perhaps at fifty odd poor Auntie Emm isn't everyone's dish, although she claims to have lots of offers.

Depressed by her aunt's chatter, the squalid surroundings and the madwoman on the floor above, who beats Auntie Emm with a broomstick and is thought to have stolen her plastic egg cup, Joy clears off. She takes up with Dave, a former accomplice of Tom's, in whom she seems to find all the brilliant qualities her husband lacked. In fact, Dave's waking hours are spent either in thinking about sex or in planning crime. A big jewel robbery is about to come off and Joy dreams happily of all she will do with the money. Then the old lady who is to be burgled does not, after all, go away as expected. Dave and his colleagues have no choice but to hit her over the head and lock her in a wardrobe. He comes home bringing necklaces worth a fortune, but hardly has he begun to enjoy his well-earned

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Fall Book Review
Essays, Poems and Reviews by
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rest than the police arrive. By the time his trial takes place the victim has become almost blind from the blow dealt her, and an unfeeling judge sends him down for twelve years.

Nothing in the book is more admirably, horribly, true to life than Joy's correspondence with her jailed lover. Self-pitying, maudlin, illiterate, her letters seem to have come from a genuine file. She wails as over some horrible inexplicable misfortune, such as befell the Babes in the Wood: "Oh Love today I was so shocked it seemed like the end of the world. I've cryed so much I can't cry no more. 12 years is sertaley a Long time. . . ." Dave gives the Almighty a piece of his mind: "Hasn't [Joy] gone through enough? . . . What do you want – our lives? . . . Well you're going to lose because our love will win, you hear we'll win so B***s to you." He too appears not to connect the present with any past act of his own; "they" have done this to him, that's all, just like "them." Joy's thoughts slither hazily here and there, now on eternal love, now on domestic matters: "I'm so raped up in Your love I never wont to be un-raped and I want to stay like it for ever I Love You – Dave I do. You should see all the dirt in the flat, Oh musent forget the rubbish ha ha." In one letter she declares she will take "aleycustion" lessons, so that she will talk "all possh ha ha" and rise in the world. Then she's going to "ockupine" her mind instead by saving up for a car. And she must get busy about a "divorse" from Tom, who will be leaving prison soon and looking for her.

Her life meanders along, inconsequent and confused as her thoughts. She gets a job as barmaid in a pub with big-arse Beryl, who encourages her to take up sex in a semi-professional way. There's a baker and a butcher (for supplies) a sailor (for fun), a hairdresser (kinky, though, he is), a professor (he thinks her wonderful) and plenty more. All the while she yearns for a white wedding and loads of flowers. She still dreams a bit, she tells us – "trouble is I open my fucking eyes and I'm in a warehouse in Cable Street, lying on a pile of fucking packing." One day she writes to Dave "Me and Beryl have taken up Modeling ha ha. It's alright, nothing bad . . . Sexy." And then Tom

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comes out of jail and of course she wanders back to him. Soon there are no more letters to or from Dave, with his 8 or 9 years still to run. And Tom knocks her about and can no longer even burgle efficiently. And, though there is Jonny, she's wretched, poor cow: "Oh gawd, what a state I'm in."

This is hardly a novel: it tells no story, examines no theme, develops no character. Brilliantly though Joy is observed, she is less an individual than the very incarnation of Stupid Being. Moreover, when Miss Dunn writes "straight," she is a little apt to set the teeth on edge, what with her six o'clock sunlight "bathing" the eggs and bacon and her embroidered flowers on the lace curtain twisting "hopefully" up the sunless windows. But for the acuteness of her eye and ear and for her remarkable penetration into a world so removed from her own, she deserves our respect and applause.

THEATRE

Waiting for Hamlet

Tom Stoppard's *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead* is obviously giving considerable pleasure to large numbers of people, so I advance my own reservations feeling like a spoilsport and a churl: The play strikes me as a noble conception which has not been endowed with any real weight or texture. The author is clearly an intelligent man with a good instinct for the stage,

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead
by Tom Stoppard
(Alvin Theatre)

and his premise is one that should suggest an endless series of possibilities. But he manipulates this premise instead of exploring it, and what results is merely an immensely shrewd exercise enlivened more by cunning than by conviction.

As is now generally known, *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead* is a theatrical parasite, feeding off *Hamlet, Waiting for Godot,* and *Six Characters in Search of an Author* – Shakespeare provides the characters, Pirandello the technique, and Beckett the tone with which the Stoppard play proceeds. Like Pirandello, Stoppard tries to give extra-dramatic life to a group of already written characters, introducing elements of chance and spontaneity into a scene previously determined by an author. His object is to discover what happens to people whose lives are completely fixed and formalized, when they are allowed to meditate, self-consciously, upon their own predestination.

To do this, he borrows a pair of secondary figures from *Hamlet,* and examines their behavior when they are not playing one of their seven written scenes. Summoned by a messenger to the court of Elsinore, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern await the completion of their roles in an action whose outcome they cannot divine, passing the time in small talk, exits and entrances, verbal games, coin-flipping, philosophical disputations, and various meetings with other characters from the play. Like Beckett's two tramps in *Waiting for Godot,* Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are baffled characters imprisoned in a timeless void where they alternate between vaudeville routines and ruminations on the vacancy of life in general and theirs in particular.

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern encounter the players who eventually enact the murder of Gonzago at Claudius' court; they catch glimpses of that larger drama being played out by Hamlet, Claudius, Gertrude, Polonius, and Ophelia; and after playing their own parts, they eventually wind up on the ship that is bringing Hamlet to England – presumably to his own death. Hamlet switches the letters; the pirates overwhelm the ship, and Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, having discovered that destiny cannot be cheated, resignedly accept their coming deaths at the hand of the English King. The curtain comes down on Horatio's dialogue

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with the English ambassadors in *Hamlet*, Act V, scene II.

In outline, the idea is extremely ingenious; in execution, it is derivative and familiar, even prosaic. As an artist, Stoppard does not fight hard enough for his insights – they all seem to come to him, prefabricated, from other plays – with the result that his air of pessimism seems affected, and his philosophical meditations, while witty and urbane, never obtain the thickness of *felt* knowledge. Whenever the play turns metaphysical, which is frequently, it turns spurious, particularly in the author's recurrent discourses upon death: "Death is not romantic . . . and death is not a game which will soon be over . . . death is not anything . . . death is not. It's the absence of presence, nothing more . . . the endless time of never coming back." This sort of thing is squeezed out like toothpaste throughout the play, the gravity of the subject never quite overcoming the banality of its expression: "The only beginning is birth, and the only end is death – if you can't count on that, what can you count on?" Compare this with Pozzo's lines in *Godot:* "One day we were born, one day we shall die, the same day, the same second, is that not enough for you? They give birth astride a grave, the light gleams an instant, then it's night once more" – and you will see how much Stoppard's language lacks economy, compression, and ambiguity, how far short it falls of poetry.

There is, in short, something disturbingly voguish and available about this play, as well as a prevailing strain of cuteness which shakes one's faith in the author's serious intentions: "Eternity's a terrible thought," reflects one character, "I mean where's it going to end?" Hamlet spits into the wind, and receives his spittle back in his eye. There is a good deal of innuendo about the ambiguous sexual nature of the boy playing the Player Queen. And the two central figures are whimsical to the point of nausea.

It is, in fact, the characters of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern that account for a good deal of my queasiness about the play. In Shakespeare, these characters are time-servers – cold, calculating opportunists who betray a friendship for the sake of a preferment – whose deaths, therefore, leave Hamlet without a pang of remorse. In Stoppard, they are garrulous, childlike, ingratiating simpletons, bewildered by the parts they must play – indeed, by the very notion of an evil action. It is for this reason, I think, that Stoppard omits their most crucial scene – the famous recorder scene where they are exposed as spies for Claudius – for it is here that their characterological inconsistency would be most quickly revealed. Since the author is presumably anxious to demonstrate the awful inevitability of a literary destiny ("We follow directions – there is no *choice* involved. The bad end unhappily, the good unluckily. That is what tragedy means"), it hardly serves his purpose to violate the integrity of Shakespeare's original conception. But I suspect the author has another purpose here – that of amusing the audience with winning heroes – and the necessity to be charming is not always easily reconciled with the demands of art.

Derek Goldby's production services the play well, and matches it exactly: It is theatrical, entertaining, energetic, ultimately without dimension. The actors playing Rosencrantz and Guildenstern perform with a boyish flippancy that links them less with Vladimir and Estragon than with the pranksters in *The Knack;* always technically proficient, they never once startle us into an arresting perception of reality. As for the actors playing parts in Shakespeare's play, they are generally well-spoken, but I cannot say they left me with any desire to see them in a full-length version of *Hamlet* – after the reforms introduced by the Royal Shakespeare Company, it is tiresome to be brought back to the empty elocutionism of Old Vic Shakespeare. Desmond Heely's costumes – pressed velvet garments that look like they're crumbling to dust – and his settings – scrims and platforms behind a peeling inner proscenium, tasseled in the manner of a 19th-century playhouse – are extremely attractive, and extremely well lit by Richard Pilbrow; but they do not settle the problem of precisely where and when this supposedly "Elizabethan" action is taking place.

Mr. Stoppard doesn't bother to settle the problem either. Worse, he does not seem aware that it exists or that he has a certain responsibility to work out the deeper implications of his choices. We are left wondering why this admittedly entertaining play has found such ready acceptance on Broadway when *Waiting for Godot* – without which it would not exist – still awaits a sustained New York production thirteen years after it was written. I do not think it is too much to say that Stoppard is benefitting from a *Zeitgeist* created by authors whose works nobody wants to see, and is achieving his success by offering a form of Beckett without tears. *Waiting for Godot* is the creation of a poet, *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead* the product of a university wit. Will the poets ever have their day as well as the wags? ROBERT BRUSTEIN

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Robert Coles, MD, *is the author of a new book,* Children of Crisis. Honor Tracy's *newest book is a novel,* Men at Work. Robert Brustein, *a contributing editor of this journal, is Dean of the Yale Drama School.* Richard Gilman, *formerly theatre critic of* Newsweek, *will be writing regularly in* NR *about books, plays and films.*

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FILMS

Gangsters on the Road to Nowhere

"I have a bad memory for facts," Stendhal once wrote, and Flaubert said later that "everything the artist invents is true." I don't mean to imply that Arthur Penn, the director of *Bonnie and Clyde*, or Robert Benton and David Newman, its writers, have anything like that kind of stature, but the principles hold up. Facts are the imagination's pretexts, and the sordid lives of

Bonnie and Clyde
(Warner Brothers)

the historical Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow – bank-robbers and murderers – have every right to serve as pretexts for an imaginative work that is interested in something other than historical "truth."

Yet if the movie is better than anything Hollywood has done for a good while, it is still a compromise that barely misses being a self-destruction. Its failures, however, aren't due to any infidelity to history or to the American underlife, but to an incomplete loyalty to its own arresting propositions.

Bonnie and Clyde is about violence and crime, and – hopefully, at least – the desire of the ego to define itself, to live in violence and crime if it can't in anything else. To this end it remains properly sympathetic to the characters it has plucked from history, the sympathy being given not to crime (as Bosley Crowther said) but to a process in which crime figures, to the action by which the ego displays itself as the embattled source of everything – crime, love, violence, goodness, error, dream.

What makes it different from the Cagney gangster-hero movies of the thirties or, more subtle creations, those of Humphrey Bogart, is the way it tries to stand apart from its protagonists, its refusal fully to identify with them or to be merely the vehicle of their perversely romantic story. We identified with Cagney and Bogart; in *Bonnie and Clyde*, when it is working honestly and well, we live instead the life of the film, in which the specific destinies of the characters function as the occasion for cinematic art and not as the instrument of a surrogate biography for ourselves.

From its opening moments, during the credits, when a series of slightly blurred family snapshots – those quintessential objects of the ego's quest for definition and permanence – flashes on screen, the movie attempts to fashion a sustaining imaginative attitude toward the tale it is going to relate. On the edge of campiness, but saved from full sneering superiority to its material by the camera's own inventive humility, the first half-hour or so proceeds with as much visual pleasure as anything I've seen this year. The first scenes, wide, relaxed, ironic and cool, hammer in some essential nails: Faye Dunaway, nearly naked in her shabby frame house, yawning with boredom and something more interesting – lack of definition; Warren Beatty irrupting into our purview as her wide-lapeled, tight-suited, fedoraed young deliverer; the empty small town main street where the pair forges a partnership through a swift, elaborate play of challenge and response – his sly showing of his gun, her dare, the first holdup, the first flight in a stolen, high-backed, chuffing early thirties car.

They move off on this "life of crime," which for a good while will remain picaresque, a peripatetic fling, to the accompaniment of twanging, jittery banjo whose visual counterpart is the bouncing car (first of a series of such rides in which the mad, self-generating life of the automobile in America is given a fertile choreography, Mack Sennett turned half-serious) traveling along roads which seem to imply no destination and through landscapes of dream-like emptiness and deprivation. They steal another car, make a first comic attempt on a bank (it has failed three weeks before), practice shooting ("ain't you something!" Clyde gleefully tells Bonnie when she hits the swinging tire) and add to their gang by enlisting a shuffling, laconic gas station attendant (Michael J. Pollard).

There are more comic or wittily lyric moments, framed widely and moving slowly as the camera acts more as interpreter than historian during which their legend takes shape as exile from a realm larger than that from which crime cuts men off.

One suspects, as the film accumulates, that these are largely set-pieces but they are nevertheless set-pieces around a central act of intelligent imagining. It has been established early, for example, that Clyde is impotent, and the acceptance of this by Bonnie in several understated scenes is exactly the right aesthetic and spiritual movement to reinforce their union as a hunger for support, for mutuality in exile and in the search for a "name" to set before others. In this spirit they alternate between a childlike comradeliness and a bravado donned like a mask before the world. Thus far, the movie is half-mocking, half-sober myth, domiciling its protagonists between the walls of a technique designed to allow them to reveal more than they know

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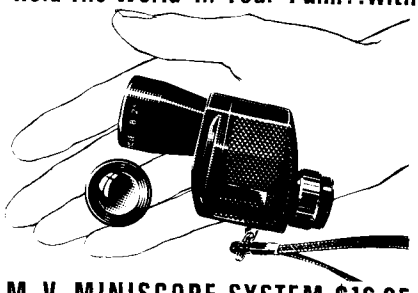

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by revealing what it knows in its own right.

The first cracks in the wall appear. The film begins to heft its more palpable – and more saleable – materials. Clyde pistol-whips a man who has attacked him during a holdup ("Why'd he try to *kill* me?" he asks Bonnie with bewildered anguish), then shoots another man during a getaway. They are in flight now in earnest, caught up in the great chase, the cops and robbers plot of American popular art. And it is here that the movie begins to lose them as original creations as it more and more takes on the attributes of the gangster movie as we have always known it and makes increasing use of the romantic myth as before, that of doomed young love in an inimical world.

Joined by Clyde's brother and sister-in-law (Gene Hackman and Estelle Parsons), they go through a series of robberies and holings-up, in which the only half-successful attempt is made to constitute them as a besieged community outside society, sustained by their growing notoriety. The attempt is also made to thicken the film's thematic substance by introducing the Robin Hood motif (Clyde allows a workingman-depositor to keep *his own* money during a bank robbery) and a notion about the vicarious satisfactions "straight" society gets from criminality: a bank guard eagerly tells reporters how he "stared right in the face of death" and smartly arranges his face for the photographers. But there is little time for developments of this kind, or for the more interesting notion that criminal violence has its ground and support in legal violence, the cops maintaining the robbers in flight and existence. For everything converges now on action for its own sake, the kind of thing the American movie purveys best and most self-defeatingly.

From drama to melodrama: the gang shoots its way out of one police trap and then another; bullets fly, blood flows, the brother is killed, his wife blinded. The blood is very red, very real; and this has the momentary effect of shattering both the couples' lighthearted adventure and the cinematic convention of violence as pleasure and romantic game. Yet the very momentum of the film as action yarn swallows up all other subtlety and nuance. When

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the attempt is made to recover them, to recover a "subject" for the work, the movement is to Scylla from Charybdis. The pair are reconstituted as the fated couple of movie tradition; in a reprehensible aesthetic action Clyde is shown succeeding in the act of love; he isn't impotent after all, and everything can proceed now to the *poignancy* of the denouement. Resting from their wounds, the couple enter an idyllic phase, with life stretching plausibly and hopefully before them. Then they are betrayed and shot down in a storm of bullets.

This last scene does have special virtues. When the police ambush the couple they fire literally hundreds of bullets into their car and their bodies, so that the scene (which in this case is based on fact) mounts up to an image of absolute blind violence on the part of organized society, a violence far surpassing that which it is supposed to be putting down. Beyond this, there is one moment when the entire possibility of the film as new creation is bodied forth with enormous vivacity. As the first salvo hits him Clyde spins, straightens up, then begins to topple to the ground in slow motion through a suddenly unreal air, a great long arc of descent like the very image of the impossibility of his life. As cinema, and not as talk, hint, thematic implication or technicolor virtuosity, this is what *Bonnie and Clyde* is really about.

Caught in their director's tacking and yawing, and with no great resources of their own, Miss Dunaway and Beatty give erratic performances. She is too bland (too blonde, it may be; the camera spends a lot of time on her sumptuous hair). Uneasy with irony, he is too firm-jawed and merely handsome; both seem displaced from more conventional movies. The acting feats are in the lesser roles, in Hackman's and Miss Parsons' energy and wit as the brother and sister-in-law, Pollard's shrewd oafishness as the sidekick, and in a brilliant cameo bit by Gene Wilder as a terrified square the gang kidnaps for a time. That these things are so reinforces one's final opinion of *Bonnie and Clyde* as a hybrid, an ambivalence, an alternation of achievements and collapses, an attempt to have both ways something not clearly enough seen in either.

RICHARD GILMAN

Correspondence

Jencks and the New Left

Sirs:

Due to a telephone misunderstanding, one sentence of my article "The Limits of the New Left" (October 21) was misprinted as follows: "The central weakness of the New Left . . . is its attitude towards authority." What I meant to say was "The central *dilemma* of the New Left is its attitude toward authority." The difference is important, because while the weakness of the New Left does indeed derive from anti-authoritarianism, so does its strength. If the New Left were less concerned with equality, with participation, and with personal freedom, it would find it much easier to build organizations which could influence American politics and perhaps ultimately win power. But it would also lose its essential identity and its value to the US.

The paradox of the New Left is that it is an invaluable opposition group but is unlikely to become more than that. Most European countries have many such political groups, but the US, sadly, does not. I do not know whether the New Left can survive as a permanent opposition, or whether its members will become apolitical once they conclude that they and their friends are unlikely ever to carry the day. But for America's sake I *hope* it can survive, for despite its political limitations it embodies most of what is best in the American tradition.

Christopher Jencks
Cambridge, Mass.

It seems to me frivolous for Christopher Jencks to try to explain the frailties of the New Left on anthropological grounds, that is with respect to the child rearing conventions of the Ike-Spock period. Maybe it's true that the new generation of activists lacks the experience of authority and thus won't take command of events, leaving power to those who were brought up more rigorously. But this sort of analysis opens Mr. Jencks to the converse objection that his own parents may have failed by leaving him insufficiently skeptical of authority: at any rate, unconvinced that authority is often less to be seized than challenged and modified, which is how men and nations typically adapt and survive. Mr. Jencks thinks the New Left at Bratislava liked the Viet Cong for its anti-Americanism. My guess is that the Americans liked the Viet Cong because they refused to accept the authority of the French bureaucracy or of Diem or Ky or Henry Cabot Lodge, but set out to reconstruct their country, for better or worse, in the only way available to them. Obviously the same opportunities are not available to our own Left, no matter how urgent the need, but Mr. Jencks might spend his time suggesting ways that are available, if any are.

The generation that came of age before World War II may have been intimidated by McCarthy because it had first been taught to respect authority, no matter how corrupt or whimsical. It seems to me that the only defense against authoritarianism, whether McCarthy's or Johnson's, is a radically skeptical attitude toward authority itself. That the New Left, while it shares this skepticism, is also incoherent and

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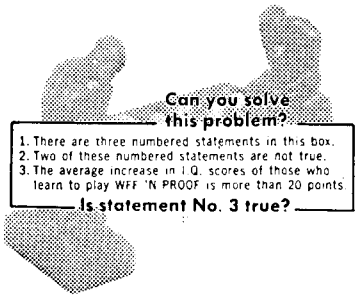
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institutionally ragged is another, sadder question. That it may yet produce its own Henry Wallace or Ronald Reagan – its own corrupted populism – or, still worse, its own Congress for Cultural Freedom, is sadder yet. But it's much too soon for diagnosis now.

Jason Epstein
New York, N.Y.

Kauffmann, *from page 18*

Russia. The accounts of these months in the two books differ widely. Here are Hicks' very last lines:

> "For Bukharin and Radek and the others the death of John Reed was only an incident in the struggle for world revolution. He would have approved."

O'Connor and Walker (as their title indicates) contradict this flatly. At the end of their book they call John Reed's life "one of the most remarkable American chronicles. That it ended 'caught in a trap,' as he murmured in his [deathbed] delirium, was its bitter irony and mocking waste."

This crucial difference between the books is not attributable to the passage of thirty years; Hicks still maintains his view. Writing in 1967 and now well-known as an anti-Communist, Mr. Hicks says:

> "That Reed might have been disillusioned [with Communism] if he had lived seems to me quite likely; I doubt that he would have been happy either in the Russia of the New Economic Policy or in the America of Harding and Coolidge. That he was disillusioned at the time of his death I am not convinced."

O'Connor and Walker *are* convinced. They say that Reed "was disillusioned by the first practical application of Communist theory." They admit that the evidence for their belief "probably would not stand up in a court of law" and is "a matter of opinion," but they make their case thus:

> "This evidence consists of what Louise Bryant remembered of his conversations on his return to Moscow – admittedly filtered through the mind of a subsequently hostile witness – and what she told their friends Max Eastman and Benjamin Gitlow, and the published testimony of Angelica Balabanoff and of Emma Goldman. All of them became bitter anti-Communists. . . . The fact that they were disillusioned does not discredit their testimony – what happened to Jack Reed, in fact, was partly the cause of their disenchantment – but it does have to be taken into consideration. So does the fact that it appears highly unlikely that, acting and speaking independently, they could have contributed to a wholesale fabrication."

It would be too much to assert that the course of American radicalism in the 30's would have been different if John Reed had in fact been disillusioned before he died and if that fact had been known; but the quality of American radical activity might have been much altered. He *was* a sort of saint. And in the early thirties there was a national organization of dozens of John Reed Clubs, which had a marked influence on the thought of young people. The matter will, foreseeably, remain open. In his recent introduction Hicks quotes Theodore Draper:

> "The mystery of John Reed is what he would have done in the last act of his own life's drama. No one really knows, and everyone has written it differently in his or her own image."

At least O'Connor and Walker have done some service in collating the evidence for their view and in making the question a (presumably) perennial teaser.

If they are right, then a historical phrase is completed. (Hicks concedes that it probably would have happened later, anyway.) Reed's life is that of a poet in politics, moving with a Byronic sweep – right up to a collision with Soviet bureaucracy and Comintern intrigue. When Reed first arrived in Petrograd in 1917, almost his only words of Russian were "Ya americanski sotsialist!" (I am an American socialist), which is how he identified himself when he met people. It almost *sounds* wide-eyed, a guileless cry from the heart for brotherhood and a new world that still echoes today in his still-thrilling *Ten Days*. Just before he went to Russia for the first time he wrote an article called "Almost Thirty" (published posthumously in *The New Republic* in 1936) in which he said:

> "I love beauty and chance and change, but less now in the external world and more in my mind. I suppose I'll always be a Romanticist."

But he found change in the external world; and only three years later, as this new book shows, there is reason to suspect that his romantic faith was shaken. In essence his is a story of the 19th century encountering the 20th. A Byronic poet-revolutionary might be prepared for three months of Promethean suffering in a Finnish jail but not for the cold mechanical expediency of the Comintern.

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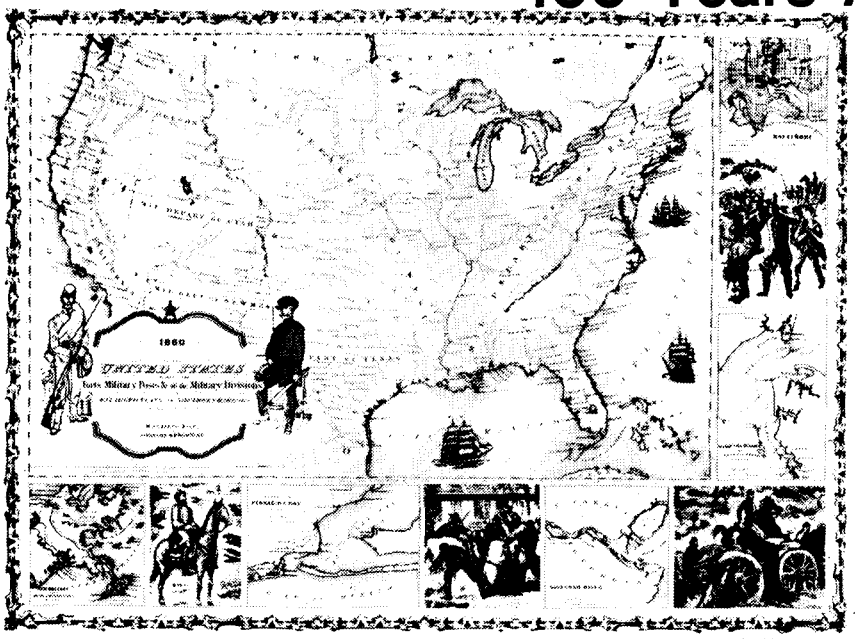

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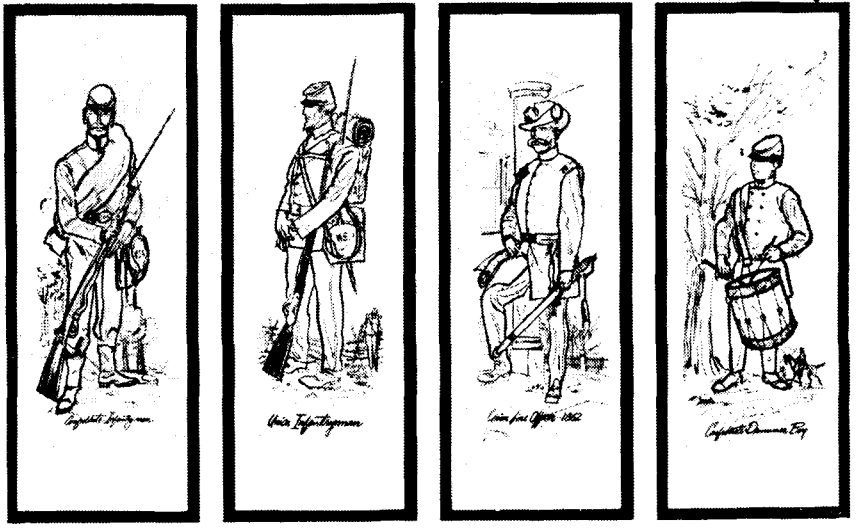

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